

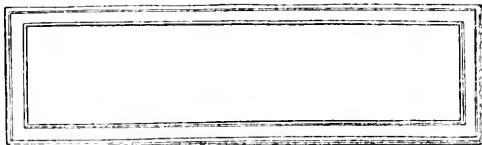
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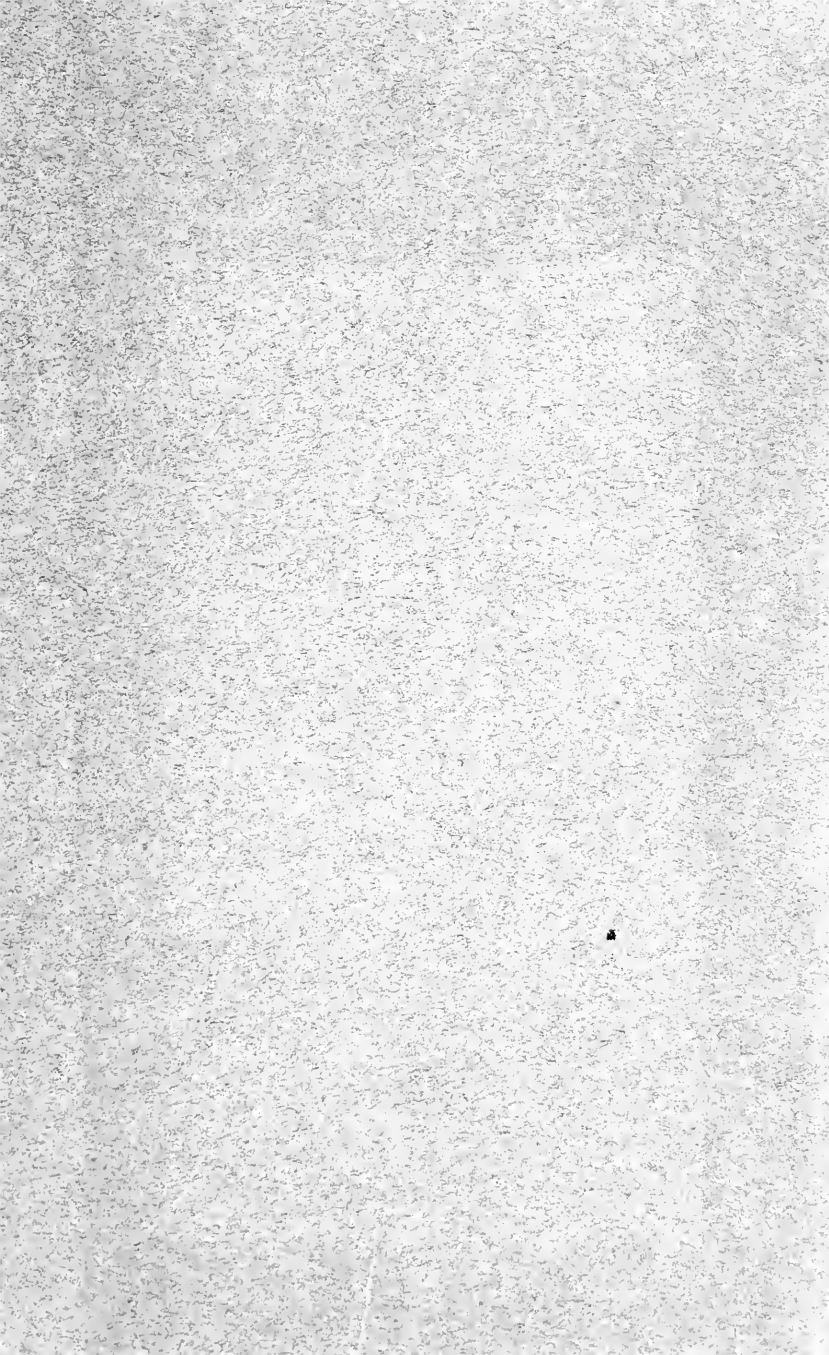


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SPECIMENS
OF
LYRIC POETRY,

COMPOSED IN ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF
EDWARD THE FIRST.

EDITED FROM MS. HARL. 2253, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY
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OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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PREFACE.

THE manuscript from which the following pieces are edited (MS. Harl. No. 2253), is well known to the amateurs of early English poetry. Its date is fixed by the hand-writing and by the contents to the beginning of the reign of Edward II. It contains political songs relating to different events in the reigns of Henry III and Edward I. The two latest are those on the *Traillebastons* (A.D. 1305) and the death of Edward I (A.D. 1307). It is probable that the manuscript was written in, or very soon after, the latter year. Several of the political songs in this manuscript belong, as I have just stated, to the reign of Henry III: it is impossible to fix any exact date from internal evidence to the following miscellaneous lyric pieces, but it is most probable that they were all of them current during the reign of Edward I, and had been collected by the writer of the manuscript.

It is fortunate that we have means of ascertaining with tolerable accuracy the place, as well as the date, at which this manuscript was written. In my "Political Songs" (p. 383), I have shown that the song on the *Traillebastons* must have

been composed in some of the western counties of England (under which head I include Herefordshire, Shropshire, and Worcestershire, particularly specified in the document there quoted). Among the other poetry, the local allusions are of little force, as they only show where the songs were originally composed, and there is nothing about these which should make them more popular in one part of the kingdom than in another: yet in one of them there is an allusion to the river Wye (p. 26 of the present volume), which renders it probable that that song was written in Herefordshire. There are, however, three pieces in the volume which have a peculiarly local character (and they are the only local pieces in it, except the song on the Traillebastons and that in which the Wye is mentioned): at fol. 53, r^o, we have a Latin life of St. Ethelbert; at fol. 132, r^o, we find the Latin legend of St. Edfrid, who founded the abbey of Leominster, *Incipit legenda de Sancto Etfrido presbitero de Leonminstria*; and at fol. 140, v^o, we have another Mercian legend in Latin, *De Martyrio Sancti Wistani*. These three legends could hardly have been collected together by any one who was not residing in, and interested in the monastic establishments of, Herefordshire; and the only question that remains appears to be whether the writer resided at Hereford or

at Leominster. Every one knows that St. Ethelbert was buried at Hereford, and that he was the patron saint of that city, and therefore of the diocese; his legend therefore was interesting in every part of the county. On the contrary, that of Edfrid was peculiar to Leominster, and is far more uncommon in manuscripts. It is more probable that the legend of Ethelbert would be written at Leominster, than that that of Edfrid would be written at Hereford or elsewhere. It must be remembered also that Leominster and its immediate vicinity was the head residence of the Mercian monarchs in the times of their highest power and glory, and was peculiarly connected with the Mercian religious legends. From these considerations, I feel inclined to conclude, that the Harleian manuscript from which these pieces of lyric poetry are printed, was written by some secular clerk connected with the priory of Leominster. Perhaps he was himself a poet, and was the author of the song containing the allusion to the river Wye. It is not improbable that the Earl of Oxford obtained the manuscript in Herefordshire.

In the present volume I have included all the lyric poetry in this manuscript, except those which have been given in the "Political Songs." They are curious as illustrating the language of the period; but some of them are obscure, on

account of the difficult grammatical constructions and uncommon words with which they abound. I at first proposed to give a glossary ; but other occupations have so far taken up my leisure, that I have preferred giving to the members of the Percy Society bare texts than nothing at all. I am also rather opposed to the multiplication of small and imperfect separate glossaries ; and I would suggest that, after the publication of a few more collections of poetry of the fourteenth century, the Society should print a general glossary of the language for the use of its members.

I must add that a few of these songs have been printed in Warton and Ritson, though not always accurately. Many pieces from the same manuscript will be found printed in the "Political Songs," the Appendix to Walter Mapes, the "Reliquiæ Antiquæ," and the second volume of M. Jubinal's Collection of Fabliaux. The "Romance of Horn" was printed from this manuscript in Ritson's "Collection of Metrical Romances."

T. W.

London, February 1842.

SPECIMENS
OF
LYRIC POETRY.

I.

[Fol. 49, ro.]

Quy à la dame de parays
deyvent foy e leauté,
Ore entendent à mes dis,
e je lur dirroy verité.
Si nul y soit que eit mespris
vers femme par mavesté,
De corteysie soit forbanys,
ou hastivement soit redressé
à dreyt ;
Quar il pert sa noreture,
certes, que femme deceit.

Dieu m'avaunce par charité,
auxi come j'ay mestier,
Je froi à femmes un a, b, c,
à l'escole si eles vueillent aler ;

Celes que sunt lettrée
as autres purront recorder,
Coment eles sunt honorée
en dreyture sauntz fauser
de nulle ;
Où va femme, là vet joie,
ele ne va pas soule.

Amour de femme moun cuer entame,
de fere un poy enveysure,
Pur sauver femme de tote blame,
chescun deveireit mettre cure ;
Pur l'amour de une dame,
que tot le mound en terre honure,
Que femme esclaundre e met en fame
ne vint unqe de bone nature ;
à veyr dyre,
Qui de femme dit vileynie,
certes sa bouche empyre.

Beauté de femme passe rose,
qi le voderà bien juger,
En mounde n'i a si douce chose,
en leauté pur bien amer.
Mès je certes bien dire le ose,
e si mestier soit prover,
Que mavesté que en faus repose,
fet sovent femme des oïls lerner,
à tort ;
Qy femme dampne par tresoun,
certes sa noretur dort.

Chescun homme endreit de sey
 deit de femmes tot bien dyre ;
 E si vus dirroi bien pur quei,
 pur une qu'est de tous mals myre,
 De qui nasquy le haut rey
 qe de tot le mound est syre ;
 Beneit soit cel arbre à fey,
 qe tiel fruit porte que jà n'enpyre
 Pur rien !
 Quar ele porta le noble enfaunt,
 Repleni de tot bien.

Dyamaund ne autre pierre
 ne sount si fyn en lur vertu,
 Come sunt femmes en lur manere,
 d'amour joindre portent le glu,
 E sount pleysauntz e debonere,
 de un dart d'amour me ount feru ;
 Qe femme mespreyse en nulle manere,
 il corouce la mere Jhesu,
 e pecche ;
 Qy à ce s'acostume,
 porte vyleyne tecche.

Eux ont le corps de bel entayle,
 en tous poyntz tresbien assis ;
 Um ne vaudreit une mayle,
 si femme ne fust, ce m'est avys.
 Donque dussum nus sauntz fayle
 de tiele chose tenir grant pris ;

Quar il n'y a rien que à femme vayle,
 desouz la joie de parays,
 en terre ;
 Yl n'y a nulle terrene,
 que purra à tous plere.

Femmes portent les oyls veyrs,
 e regardent come faucoun ;
 Mout doit estre en bon espeyr
 cely qe gist en lor prisoun ;
 Quar al matyn ne à seyr
 rien n'y avera si joye noun ;
 De totes bountés sunt yl heyr,
 fraunches e beles par resoun
 come rose ;
 Quy de eux dit si bien noun,
 sa vyleynie desclose.

Genterise en cuer de femme floryst,
 e espanit come fet la flur ;
 Bené soit qui là le myst
 en lu de si grant honur ;
 Qy vileynie de femme dist,
 mout pust il estre ensur,
 D'aver hounte sauntz respist,
 en un lu molt obscur,
 e peyne.
 Pus que Dieu de femme nasquist,
 n'out unque nulle vyleyne.

Harpe, n'autre menestraisie,
ne oysel que chaunt u boys,
Ne sont si noble melodie,
come de femme oyr la vois.
Mout purrad mener sure vie,
que de femme puet aver choys ;
Quar à tous biens femme plye,
come fet la coudre que porte noys
e foyl ;
Qui bealté plaunta en femme,
molt chosy noble soyl.

El n'y out unqe homme née
pus le temps Adam e Eve,
Qe sout de femmes la bounté
où comence ne où acheve ;
A demostrer tiel segréé,
à moy serreit donqe chose greve ;
Mès pus qe je l'ay comencée,
avant dirroi ou parole sweve
e fyne,
Femmes dussoms tous honorer,
pur l'amour d'une meschyne.

Rorteysie en femme git,
en lu où ad bel desport ;
E cely en femme char prist,
qe d'enfern nus dona resort ;
E de femme cil nasquist,
qe pur nus pus sullry la mort.
Qui à femme fet despit,

il me semble que il ad tort,
En taunt ;
Quar en femme descendist,
Jhesu le tot pussaunt.

L'amour du mound en femme habite,
en un lu molt aimable ;
Yl n'ad pas choysy lu petite,
mès large, grant, e delitable.
Yl ne trovera que ly desheryte,
là puet il meyndre tot dis estable ;
Son ostel est de tous maus quite,
pur veyr le dy, sauntz mot de fable,
dedenz,
Que mavesté quert en femme,
certes il pert son tenz.

Maria, que portastes le salveour,
vostre grace vus requer,
Me seiez ayde e socour,
pur l'onour de femme sauver,
Qe portent fruyt de bel colour,
noble, douce, ne mie amer ;
Gentz que sount de grant valour,
qe le mound government enter,
par sen,
Bené soit tiel arbre
que tiel fruit porte ! Amen.

Note de la russinole
je tienk pur nient en temps de May,

E de chescun oysel que vole,
 encountre une que nomé ay.
 Quar ele chaunte de bone escole,
 e tient le cuer de homme en gay,
 Il porte le bek douce et mole ;
 si mestier soit, nomer le say
 par noun ;
 Quant diensist femme compaignie à homme,
 molt lur dona bel doun.

¶ Ou femmes est honour enjoynt,
 de bountés sunt racyne ;
 Pur chescun mal qu'en homme poynt,
 femme porte medicine.
 Quant eles ount le mal enoynt,
 languisse va e tost fyne ;
 L'amour de cele Dieu nous doint,
 à cui le mound'enclyne !
 e prie,
 Al jour de le graunt jugement,
 que ele nous seit aye !

¶ Parvenke de pris e sauntz pier,
 sount femmes sur tote autre rien ;
 Quar nul ne savera devyser
 la bounté de femmes, ce savoms bien.
 Femmes portent le vis cler,
 * * *
 Dieu me doint à joie aver
 la bele douce qu'est le myen
 demeyne ;

Unque ne trovay en ly
 fors bounté e cuer certeygne.

Quoyntement s'en vont armée
 de grant bealté, que pert dehors,
 E dedenz de tot bounté
 en ount repleny tot le eors ;
 Mout serroit donque grant pieté,
 si tous tieles fuissent mors,
 Que pur nus ount grevement plorée,
 e ce à molt grauntz tortz,
 souvent ;
 Nul ne savera devyser
 la joye que de eux descent.

Rose, qu'est de bel colour,
 e d'esté porte l'enseygne,
 Ne gitte poynt si fyn odour
 come est de femme la douce aleyne.
 Qui porreit donque nuit e jour
 aver une en son demeyne,
 Mout purreit vivre à grant honour,
 e en joie sauntz nulle peyne
 u mounde ;
 Nul ne savera deviser
 la joye que de femme habounde.

Si tous l'espieces en tenz de pees,
 que de tous terres venent par mer,
 Fuissent lyés en un fees,
 e um les deveroit bien juger,

Il n'y a nul de tel reles,
 come de femme un douz bayser,
 Ce su je prest prover adès,
 qui me vodra countrepleyder
 en dyt ;
 Car femme est la plus gracieuse
 chose que unqe Dieu fyt.

Tryacle, tresbien tryée,
 n'est poynt si fyn en sa termynue,
 Come est le lycour alosée
 quy femme porte en sa peytrine.
 Bien doit tiele chose estre amée,
 que porte si noble medicine !
 Meint foyz est anguissée
 par nous fenme en gysyne,
 sanz bobance ;
 Nul ne savera deviser
 come sunt pur nus en grevaunce.

Volables ne sunt point de corage,
 quar eles se tienent en une assise ;
 A eux ne serra dit hountage,
 quar il sount de bone aprise ;
 Come plus est venu de haut parage,
 meinz s'en orguile en tote guyse.
 Chescun qu'est de bon estage
 femmes honourt par soun devyse
 tot dis ;
 Honour en bone femme
 ne puet estre mesassis.

Xpc le fitz Marie,
 le tresnoble enfaunt,
 Defent qe vyleynye
 ne soit desorenavant
 Dit par nulle folye
 à nulle femme vivant !
 Mès chescun ayme s'ameye,
 come Dieu nus est amaunt
 en terre,
 Que sa douce face
 en ciel pussoms vere.

Esope, fenoil, columbyn,
 Flur de lyls alosée,
 Rose que porte colour fyn,
 gyngivre racynée,
 Deveroit crestre u chemyn,
 où femme marche soun pée ;
 Certes cely ad bon matyn
 que de femme est amée,
 saunz feyntyse ;
 Quar unqe femme ne fust,
 si noun de bon aprise.

Zabulon, come je vus counte,
 e'est un propre noun,
 Cely que bone femme afrounte,
 jà n'cit s'alme pardoun !
 Fuisse-je roy ou grant counte,
 ou de terre noble baroun,

Quy à femme ferreit hounte,
tost le mettroi en prisoun
sanz tort ;
Si il ne se vodra amender,
jà n'avereit resort.

Douce amie, sciez certeigne,
que de Dieu serra maldit,
Qe de male parole e veyne
dient à femme hounte ou despyt ;
Quar Dieu meismes sauntz nulle peyne
de une femme en terre nasquyt,
La quele en ciel sa joye demeyne ;
de ly servyr ay grant delyt
à grée ;
Quar ele est de joie fonteigne.
source de amistée.

Place là ou femme siet,
en sale ou banc countre mur,
Totes vileynyes het,
tant come porte fruit si pur,
De totes arbres dount fueille chet,
si est femme sovereyn flur,
Cheseun honme à mieux qu'il puet,
sauve lur cors e lur honur
de hounte,
Quar totes choses avenautes,
bone femme sourmounte.

Cruellement s'en vont lyé,
par la grace de ly puissaunt ;
Si ne fust sa grant humilité,
qe mostre à femme vertu grant ;
Jamès femme de mere née
ne fust delyvrés de un enfant,
Mount seofrent pur nostre amisté,
e meintefoiz vont suspirant
pur amour ;
Molt sovent lur nateresse
lur torne à grant dolour.

Ave Maria devons dire
pur totes femmes qe grosses sount,
Lur colour pur nus empire.
de sale en chaunbre quant eles vont ;
Prioms Jhesum, nostre sire,
que en sa joie siet là à mount,
Que si ly plest lur veile myre
les anguisses que pur nus ount,
molt sovent ;
Dieu sauve l'onour de femmes,
e quant qe à eux apent !

Amen devons trestous dire,
benet seit le tresdouz mort
Que pur nus soffrir nostre sire,
que d'enfern nus dona resort,
E en terre soffry grant martyre,
sauntz desert à graunt tort,

Saunz rancour e sanz ire,
 pur nus soffry peyne fort,
 en croys,
 La joie de ciel nus ad graunté,
 meismes de sa voys.

II.

[Fol. 55, ro.]

QUANT voy la revenue
 d'yver, qe si me argue
 qe ly temps se remue,
 lors aym buche fendue,
 charbonn clykant,
 tysoun flambaunt,
 feu de souche meis ne de joie chaunt ;
 quar je l'eym tant,
 tot le cors me tressue.
 Quaunt vient acochier,
 certes molt me agrée
 fagot en fournil secche sauntz fumeé,
 qe tost esprent
 e brese rent ;
 e je me degrat molt sovent
 le pys e l'eschyne,
 quar la char bien pue,
 e de draps mal vestue ;

ayme molt la jorné,
quar quaunt pur chalour se sue
taunt, qe fors soit issue
la freydour e alée,
çeo est moun delit,
de aver beau lit
de dras braunchys,
fleyre la buée.
La tenue couverture
c'est ma desconfiture,
lange sauntz foreure,
de celi n'ai-je cure,
quar il n'est preuz ;
mieux aym les feus
quant je voy la refroidure,
à ly m'en von mieux,
aym son jou que dous décs detorsure.
Quaunt l'yver s'esteynt par la matynée,
certes molt me grevée
la noyf e la gelée ;
mès en verglaz
atourner faz
menues hastes en bruaz
de pourceel madle ostée,
pris en bone pasture,
la loygne sauntz arsüre,
en la broche botée ;
quar c'est ma norture.
Tout ay ma tenure
en bon morsel donée,
en bon claré

en fort raspée,
 q'eym mieux d'assez
 que cervoyse enfumée.
 Taverne ay mult amée,
 n'est pas droit que la hée,
 tout ay m'amour donée
 en savour destempré,
 en ganigant,
 en cetewant,
 mys en chandée peneré,
 ne fit pas mal
 entour noal
 mostarde oue char salée.

Qués e madlarz, plongons e blaryes,
 chapouns, chavenans, gelynes rosties,
 cygnes, pouns,
 groues, heyrouns,
 terceles, jauntes e morillons,
 e purcel en farcie,
 la loygne entrelardé de cele ay molt amée,
 venesoun ne has mie,
 ne char de cerf ven e,
 ne deym ne porck ne lée,
 une pome flestrye.

Jamboun de fresche salesoun
 m'i ad rendu la vie ;
 quant je su leez la toune,
 e yl ploït e yl tonne,

tout adées ma foysoyne,
vyn de haute persone,
levre en eive, conin lardée,
molt est fous qe saonne,
formage rées quaut rostie ay,
e je le faz coroune,
e pur grosoiller nuilles e oblées,
royssolées e guaffrés,
e tostiz dorrez,
perdryz, plovers,
coloms, eroysers,
le wydecoks est bon mangiers,
e andoilles lardés
je tienke pur fol qe doune
son aver enprisonée,
pur tripes enfumés ;
quar grant revient à noune.
My hoste m'aresoune,
si dit qu'il ad trovée
countre la nuyt un chaudon,
quit à chasteyne parée.

En quaresme à l'entré,
lors eym perche parée,
la tenche en versé,
e en souz botée ;
harang, plays,
e peschoun, freshe e alosée
en pastée,
gastieu rostiz, menu brayz,
e flaunche salée.

Dars ne heez je mie
fenduz de quonie ;
anguille de gors de sa pieu vendie,
conger, estorgoun,
luz, salmoun,
vendoise, breme, ne gerdon,
ne morue ou l'aille, ne creinte pellé,
ne roches, ne lampré,
ne raye refreidé,
ly makerel freshe e novel,
e tot cist autre bon morsel
mout la bourse veydée.

Quant la pasche repeire,
je m'y last tayre,
tart e flaon faz fere,
pur la sesoun retrere ;
molt ayu motoun à gras reynoun,
e l'aignel faz fors trere,
de pelicoun,
m'entencioun
met au poyvre defere.
Droyz est qe l'en eyt motoun
en porrée pueynz,
eu verynz,
oue en franke garde,
atant novel
jus de tuel,
la teste en rost après lowel,
e gras cheveryl larde,

ne me doit pas despleyre,
 pur le manger retrere,
 pée de porcke en socie,
 à froit celer,
 e haut soler,
 herbe mugier,
 menuement poudré,
 e je m'ennoyz donks dormyr.

III.

[Fol. 61 vo.]

C'YL qe vodra oyr mes chauns,
 en souu cuer se remyre ;
 Si il en fet, ou en semblauns,
 rien touche à la matire ;
 De un chaunçon en Romauns
 ou la en orrez descrire,
 La lessoun à leals amantz
 vus y comencez à lyre.

Meint homme quide aver ami
 conquis en sa richesse,
 Q'assez tost le avera gerpi,
 si il veit pus sa destresse ;
 E primes le avera escharni
 pur sa tresgrant largesse,
 Si nul vus ad de ce servi,
 ne creez mès sa promesse.

Si toun ami as esprové,
ne ly devés pas offendre ;
Mez seiez de une volenté,
grant bien en purrez prendre ;
Ne seiez pas de ly grevé
quei qe um vus face entendre ;
Quar meint um quide aver trové,
qe puis ly estuit rendre.

Si te avient qe eiez mester
de counsail ou de aye,
Ne le devez pas à tous mostrer,
tant ad le siecle envie.
A toun ami n'estuit celer
ton consail ne ta vie ;
Quar si il te puet de ren valer,
il ne vus faudra mie.

E vostre bon ami tenez,
ne devez pas retrere,
E lealment li consilez ;
com leals amis doit fere.
Vostre counsail à ly mostrez,
à ly ne devez tere,
Si lealment vus entreamez,
le un puet l'autre erere.

Si vostre ami velt mesaler,
la main le devez tendre ;

Ne ly soffrez pas soum voler,
 si vus le poez defendre.
Mès bel ly devez chastier,
 e entre vus reprendre ;
E come vus meismes en le ester,
 sauntz nulle rien offendre.

Si vus oiez de vostre ami
 parler par aventure,
Ne devez mettre en obly
 de preisir sa porture.
Les bienz diez derere ly,
 devant ly à mesure ;
Quar losenger e leal ami
 diversent par nature.

Entre amis seit oweleté,
 senz, e corteysie,
Amour e debonereté,
 e tele compaignie,
Qe tant me volez de bounté,
 de solas, e de aye,
Come vodrez qe feisse-je,
 si je usse grant mestrie.

Uncore y a en fyn amour
 chose qe molt me agréé,
Parount si pasent ly plusour,
 dount jà n'est regardée ;

Si vostre ami est en dolour,
 en play, ou en mellée,
 Ne le guerpez à deshonor,
 pur coup ne pur colée.

Vostre ami chersissez,
 si me volez crere ;
 De nulle rien ly priez,
 si il ne le pust bien fere.
 Quar si il ne le fet, vus ly grevez,
 quant il ne le peut parfere ;
 E si il mesfet, vus meserrez,
 car ce fet pur vus plere.

Uneore y a en la lessoun
 un petit plus à fere,
 La privité ton compaignoun
 ne devez pas retere ;
 Soun consail te est confessioun,
 assez en devez tere ;
 Si en tant ly feissez tresoun,
 à envis vus dust um crere.

Si vostre ami est en pecchié,
 qei qe nul autre en die,
 Tot sachez vus la verité,
 ne le descouvrez mie.
 Car meint um fust plus avilée,
 si l'em sust sa folie,
 E meint um pecche en privité,
 e pus prent bone vie.

Ore ai mostré un poi de pas
 où amour est foundé ;
 En ce vers trover purras
 si tu les as bien gardé ;
 A tout ami ne diez pas
 quanque son cuer agrée,
 Mès ce qe à soum honour verras,
 si en ert amour payé.

Ore pri à tous lais e elers,
 si ne me chant qe loye,
 Qe nul ne prenge le travers,
 de fyn amour verroie ;
 Car leal cuer n'est pas divers,
 eynz ayme droite voie ;
 Ly *tu autem* est en ce vers,
 ly respounz soit de joye. AMEN.

 IV.

[Fol. 62 v^o.]

MIDDEL-ERD for mon wes mad,
 un-milte aren is meste mede ;
 This hedy bath on honde y-had,
 that hevene hem is hest to hede :
 Icherde a blisse budel us bad,
 the dreri domes-dai to drede,

Of sunful saulting sone be sad,
that derne doth this derne dede ;
thah he ben derne done,
This wrakeful werkes under wode
in soule soteleth sone.

Sone is sotel, as ich ou sai,
this sake al thah hit seme suete,
That itelle a povre play,
that furst is feir ant seththe un-sete ;
This wilde wille went a-wai,
with mone and mournyng muchel un-mete,
That livith in likyng out of lay,
his hap he deth ful harde on bette,
ageynz he howeth henne ;
Alle is thrivene thewes threte,
that thenketh nout on thenne.

Ageynes thenne us threteth thre,
þef he beth thryven ant thowen in theode,
Ur soule bone so broerh be,
as berne best that bale for-beode ;
That wole wihtstonden streynthe of theo,
is rest is reved with the reode,
Fyth of other ne darth he fleo,
that fleishshes faunyng furst for-eode,
that falsist is of fyve ;
þef we leveth eny leode.
werryng is worst of wyve.

Wyves wille were ded wo,
 ȝef he is wicked forte welde,
That burst shal bete for hem bo,
 he shal him burewen thah he hire bel
By body ant soule y sugge al so,
 that some beoth founden under felde,
That hath to fere is meste fo,
 of gomenes he mai gon al gelde,
 ant sore ben fered on folde,
Lest he to harmes helde,
 ant happes hente un-holde.

Hom un-holdest her is on,
 with-outen helle, ase ich hit holde,
So fele bueth founden monnes fon,
 the furst of hem biforen y tolde,
Ther after-ward this worldes won,
 with muchel un-wynne us worn wolde ;
Sone beth this gomenes gon,
 that maketh us so brag ant bolde,
 ant biddeth us ben blythe ;
An ende he casteth ous fol colde,
 in sunne ant sorewe sythe.

In sunne ant sorewe y am seint,
 that siweth me so fully sore ;
My murthe is al with mournyng meind,
 ne may ich mythen hit namore ;
When we beth with this world for-wleynt,
 that we ne lustneth lyves love,

The fend in fyht us fynt so feynt,
 we falleth so flour when hit is frore,
 for folkes fader al fleme ;
 Wo him wes y-warpe ȝore,
 that Crist nul nowyht queme !

To queme Crist we weren y-core,
 ant kend ys craftes forte knowe ;
 Leve we nout we buen for-lore,
 in lustes thah we lyggen lowe ;
 We shule aryse ur fader byfore,
 thah fon us fallen umbe throwe,
 To borewen us alle he wes y-bore,
 this bounyng when him bemes blowe,
 he byt us buen of hyse ;
 Ant on ys ryht hond hente rowe,
 wyth ryhtwyse men to aryse.

V.

[Fol. 63, re.]

Ichot a burde in a bour ase beryl so bryht,
 Ase saphyr in selver semly on sylt,
 Ase jaspe the gentil that lemeth with lyht,
 Ase gernet in golde, ant ruby wel ryht,
 Ase onycle he ys on y-holden on hyht,
 Ase diamaunde the dere in day when he is dyht,
 He is coral y-cud with cayser ant knyht,

Ase emeraude a-morewen this may haveth myht.
 The myht of the margarite haveth this may mere,
 For charboele ich hire ches bi chyn ant by chere.

Hire rode is ase rose that red is on rys,
 With lilye-white leres lossun he is,
 The primerole he passeth, the parvenke of pris,
 With alisaundre thare-to, ache ant anys,
 Coynte ase columbine, such hire cunde ys,
 Glad under gore in gro ant in grys,
 He is blosme opon bleo brihtest under bis,
 With celydoyne ant sauge, ase thou thi self sys.
 That syht upon that semly, to blis he is broht,
 He is solsecele, to sanne ys for-soht.

He is papejai in pyn that beteth me my bale,
 To trewe tortle in a tour, y telle the mi tale,
 He is thrustle thryven in thro that singeth in sale,
 The wilde laveroc ant wole ant the wodewale,
 He is faucoun in friht dernest in dale,
 Ant with everuch a gome gladest in gale,
 From Weye he is wisist into Wyrhale,
 Hire nome is in a note of the nyhtegale.
 In annote is hire nome, nempneth hit non,
 Whose ryht redeth ronne to Johon.

Muge he is ant mondrake, thowh miht of the mone,
 Trewe triacle y-told with tonges in trone,
 Such licoris mai leche from lyve to lone,
 Such suere mon secheth that saveth men sone,

Blithe y-blessed of Crist that bayeth me mi bone,
 When derne dede is in dayne derne are done,
 Ase gromyl in grene grene is the grone,
 Ase quibibe ant comyn cud is in crone.

Cud comyn in court, canel in cofre,
 With gyngyvre ant sedewale ant the gylofre.

He is Medierne of miht, mercie of mede,
 Rekene ase Regnas resoun to rede,
 Trewe ase Tegen in tour, ase Wyrwein in wede,
 Baldore then Byrne that of the bor bede,
 Ase Wyleadoun he is wys, dohty of dede,
 Feyrore then Floyres folkes to fede,
 Cud ase Cradoc in court carf the brede,
 Hendore then Hilde that haveth me to hede.

He haveth me to hede this hendy a-non,
 Gentil ase Jonas, he joyeth with Jon.

VI.

[Fol. 63, v^o.]

BYTUENE Mershe ant Averil
 when spray biginneth to springe,
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl
 on hyre lud to synge;
 Ich libbe in love-longinge
 For semlokest of alle thynges,
 He may me blisse bringe,
 icham in hire baundoun.

An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,
Ichot from hevene it is me sent,
From alle wymmen mi love is lent
 ant lyht on Alysoun.

On heu hire her is fayr y-noh,
 hire browe broune, hire eȝe blake ;
With lossum chere he on me loh ;
 with middel smal ant wel y-make ;
Bote he me wolle to hire take,
Forte buen hire owen make,
Longe to lyven ichulle forsake,
 ant feye fallen a-down.
An hendy hap, etc.

Nihtes when y wende ant wake,
 for-thi myn wonges waxeth won ;
Levedi, al for thine sake
 longinge is y-lent me on.
In world nis non so wyter-mon
That al hire bounté telle con ;
Hire swyre is whittore then the swon,
 ant feyrest may in tounne.
An hendy, etc.

Icham for wowyng al for-wake,
 wery so water in wore ;
Lest eny reve me my make,
 ychabbe y-ȝyrned ȝore.
Betere is tholien whyle sore,

'Then mournen evermore.
 Geynest under gore,
 herkne to my rounne.
 An hendi, etc.

VII.

[Fol. 63, vo.]

With longyng y am lad,
 On molde y waxe mad,
 a maide marreth me ;
 Y grede, y grone, un-glad,
 For selden y am sad
 that semly forte se ;
 levedi, thou rewe me,
 To routhe thou havest me rad ;
 Be bote of that y bad,
 My lyf is long on the.

Levedy, of alle londe
 Les me out of bonde,
 broht icham in wo,
 Have resting on honde,
 Ant sent thou me thi sonde,
 sone, er thou me slo ;
 my reste is with the ro :
 Thah men to me han onde,
 To love nuly noht wonde,
 ne lete for non of tho.

Levedi, with al my milt
 My love is on the liht,
 to menske when y may ;
 Thou rew ant red me ryht,
 To dethe thou havest me dilt,
 y dege longe er my day ;
 thou leve upon mi lay.
 Treuthe ichave the plyht,
 To don that ich have hyht,
 whil mi lif leste may.

Lylic-whyte hue is,
 Hire rode so rose on rys,
 that reveth me mi rest.
 Wymmon war ant wys,
 Of prude hue bereth the pris,
 burde on of the best ;
 this wommon woneth by west,
 Brihtest under bys,
 Hevene y tolde al his
 That o nyht were hire gest.

VIII.

[Fol. 66, ro.]

WEPING haveth myn wonges wet,
 for wikked werk ant wone of wyt ;
 Unblithe y be til y ha bet,
 bruches broken ase bok byt.

Of levedis love that y ha let,
that lemeth al with luefly lyt,
Ofte in song y have hem set,
that is unsemly ther hit syt ;
Hit syt ant semeth noht,
ther hit ys seid in song,
That y have of hem wroht,
y-wis hit is al wrong.

Al wrong y wrohte for a wyf,
that made us wo in world ful wyde ;
Heo rafte us alle richesse ryf,
that durthe us nout in reynes ryde.
A stythye stunte hire sturne stryf,
that ys in heovene hert in hyde ;
In hire lyht on ledeth lyf,
ant shon thourh hire semly syde ;
Thourh hyre side he shon,
ase sonne doth thourh the glas ;
Wommon nes wicked now,
sethithe he y-bore was.

Wycked nis non that y wot,
that durste for werk hire wonges wete ;
Alle heo lyven from last of lot,
ant are al hende ase hake in chete.
For-thi on molde y waxe mot,
that y sawes have seid un-sete ;
My fykel fleishe, mi falsly blod,
on feld hem feole y falle to fete.

To fet y falle hem feole,
for falsleke fifti folde;
Of alle untrewes on tele,
with tonge ase y her told.

Thah told beon tales untoun in toun,
such tiding mei tide y nul nout teme,
Of brudes bryht with browes broune,
or blisse heo beyen this briddes breme;
In rude were roo with hem roume,
that he mihte henten ase him were heme;
Nys kyng, cayser, ne clerk with croune,
this semly serven that me ne may seme.
Semen him may on sonde,
this semly serven so,
Bothe with fet ant honde,
for on that us warp from wo.

Nou wo in world ys went a-way,
ant weole is come ase we wolde,
Thourh a mihti methful mai,
that ous hath cast from cares colde.
Ever wymmen ich herie ay,
ant ever in hyrd with hem ich holde;
Ant ever at neode y nycke nay,
that y ner nemnede that heo nolde.
Y nolde ant nullyt noht,
for nothyng nou a nede;
Soth is that y of hem ha wroht,
as Richard erst con rede.

Richard, rote of resoun ryht,
 rykening of rym ant ron,
 Of maidnes meke thou hast myht,
 on molde y holde the murgest mon,
 Cunde comely ase a knyht,
 clerk y-cud that craftes con,
 In uch an hyrd thyn athel ys hylt,
 ant uch an athel thin hap is on.
 Hap that hathel hath hent,
 with hende let in halle,
 Selthe be hem sent
 in londe of levedis alle.

 IX.

[Fol. 66, v^o.]

MOSTI ryden by Rybbesdale,
 Wilde wymmen forte wale,
 ant welde wuch ich wolde;
 Founde were the feyrest on
 That ever wes mad of blod ant bon
 in boure best with bolde.
 Ase sonne-bem hire bleo ys briht,
 In uche londe heo leometh liht,
 thourh tale as mon me tolde.
 The lylie lossum is ant long,
 With riche rose ant rode among,
 a fyld or fax to folde.

Hire hed when ich biholde apon,
 The sonne-beem aboute noon
 me thohte that y seȝe ;
 Hyre eyȝen aren grete ant gray y-noh,
 Th[at] lussum when heo on me loh,
 y-bend wax eyther breȝe.
 The mone with hire muchele maht,
 Ne leveth non such lyht a naht,
 that is in heovene heȝe,
 Ase hire forhed doth in day ;
 For wham thus muchel y mourne may,
 for deul to deth y dreyȝe.

Heo hath browes bend an heh,
 Whyt bytuene, ant nout to neh,
 lussum lyf heo ledes ;
 Hire neose ys set as hit wel semeth ;
 Y deȝe for deth that me demeth,
 hire speche as spices spredeth.
 Hire lockes lefly aren ant longe,
 For sone he mihte hire murthes monge
 with blisse when hit bredes.
 Hire ehyn ys chosen, ant eyther cheke
 Whit y-noh ant rode on eke
 ase rosen when hit redes.

Heo hath a mury moulht to mele,
 With lefly rede lippes lele,
 Romaunz forte rede.
 Hire teht aren white ase bon of whal,

Evene set ant atled al,
 ase hende mowe taken hede.
Swannes swyre swythe wel y-sette,
A sponne lengore then y-mette,
 that freoly ys to fede.
Me were levere kepe hire come,
Then beon pope ant ryde in Rome
 stythes upon stede.

When y byholde upon hire hond,
The lylic-white lef in lond
 best heo myhte beo ;
Eyther arm an elne long,
Baloynge mengeth al by-mong,
 ase baum ys hire bleo.
Fyngres heo hath feir to folde ;
Myhte ich hire have ant holde,
 in world wel were me.
Hyre tyttes aren an under bis
As apples tuo of parays,
 ou self ȝe mowen seo.

Hire gurdel of bete gold is al,
Umben hire middel smal,
 that triketh to the to ;
Al whith rubies on a rowe,
With-inne corven craft to knowe,
 ant emeraudes mo.
The boele is al of whalles bon,
Ther with-inne stont a ston,
 that warneth men from wo ;

The water that it wetes yn,
 Y-wis hit wortheth al to wyn,
 that seȝen seyden so.

Heo hath a mete myddel smal,
 Body ant brest wel mad al,
 ase feynes with-oute fere ;
 Eyther side soft ase sylk,
 Whittore then the moren mylk,
 with leoffy lit on lere.
 Al that ich ou nempne noht,
 Hit is wonder wele y-wroht,
 ant elles wonder were.
 He myhte sayen that Crist hym seȝe,
 That myhte nyhtes neh hyre leȝe,
 hevene he hevede here.

X.

[Fol. 66, v^o.]

IN a fryht as y con fare fremede,
 y founde a wel feyr fenge to fere ;
 Heo glystnede ase gold when hit glemede,
 nes ner gome so gladly on gere.
 Y wolde wyte in world who hire kenede,
 this burde bryht, ȝef hire wil were ;
 Heo me bed go my gates, lest hire gremede,
 ne kepte heo non henyng here.

“ Y-here thou me nou, hendest in helde,
navy the none harmes to hethe ;
Casten y wol the from cares ant kelde,
comeliche y wol the nou clethe.”

“ Clothes y have forte caste,
such as y may weore with wynne ;
Betere is were thunne bout laste,
then syde robes ant synke into synne.
Have ȝe or wyl, ȝe waxeth unwraste,
afterward or thonke be thynne ;
Betre is make forewardes faste,
then afterward to mene ant mynne.”

“ Of munnyng ne munt thou namore,
of menske thou were wurthe by my myht ;
Y take an hond to holde that y hore,
of al that y the have byhyht.
Why ys the loth to leven on my lore,
lengore then my love were on the lyht ;
Another myhte ȝern the so ȝore,
that nolde the noht rede so rylit.”

“ Such reed me myhte spacyche reowe,
when al my ro were me at-raht ;
Sone tho waldest vachen an newe,
ant take an other with-inne nyȝe nahit.
Thenne mihti hengren on heowe,
in uch an hyrd ben hated ant for-halit ;
Ant ben y-cayred from alle that y kneowe,
ant bede clenyen ther y hade clahit.”

“Betere is taken a comeliche y-clothe,
 in armes to cusse ant to cluppe,
 Then a wrecche y-wedded so wrothe,
 thah he me slowe, ne myhti him asluppe.
 The beste red that y con to us bothe,
 that thou me take ant y the toward huppe;
 Thah y swore by treuthe ant othe,
 that God hath shaped me y-nou at luppe.”

“Mid shupping ne mey hit me ashunche,
 nes y never wycche ne wyle;
 Yeh am a maide, that me of thunche,
 luef me were gome boutte gyle.”

XI.

[Fol. 67, r^o.]

A WAYLE whyt as whalles bon,
 A grein in golde that godly shon,
 A tortle that min herte is on,
 in tounes trewe;
 Hire gladshipe nes never gon,
 whil y may glewe.

When heo is glad,
 Of al this world namore y bad
 Then beo with hire myn one bistad.
 with-oute strif;

The care that icham yn y-brad,
y wyte a wyf.

A wyf nis non so worly wroht,
When heo ys blythe to bedde y-broht,
Wel were him that wiste hire thoht,
that thryven ant thro,
Wel y wot heo nul me noht,
myn herte is wo.

Hou shal that lefly syng,
That thus is marred in mournyng?
Heo me wol to dethe bryng,
longe er my day.
Gret hire wel, that swete thyng,
with eȝenen gray.

Hyre heȝe haveth wounded me y wisse;
Hire bende browen that bringeth blisse.
Hire comely mouth that mihte cusse,
in mucche murthe he were;
Y wolde chaunge myn for his,
that is here fere.

Wolde hyre fere beo so freo,
Ant wurthes were that so myhte beo,
Al for on y wolde ȝeve threo,
with-oute chep,
From helle to hevene ant sonne to see
nys non so ȝeep,

ne half so free,
Whose wole of love be trewe,
do lystne me.

Herkneth me, y ou telle,
In such wondryng for wo y welle,
Nys no fur so hot in helle,
al to mon,
That loveth derne ant darnout telle
whet him ys on.

Ich unne hire wel ant heo me wo ;
Ycham hire frend ant heo my fo ;
Me thuncheth min herte wol breke a two,
for sorewe ant syke !
In Godes greting mote heo go,
that wayle whyte.

Ich wold ich were a threstelcok.
A bountyng other a lavercock,
swete bryd !
Bituene hire curtel ant hire smok
y wolde ben hyd.

XII.

[Fol. 70, vo.]

Of a mon Matheu tholite,
 Tho he the wynȝord whrohte,
 ant wrot hit on ys boc;
 In marewe men he sohte,
 At under mo he brohte,
 ant nom and non forsoc.
 At mydday ant at non
 He sende hem thider fol son,
 to helpen hem with hoc;
 Huere foreward wes to fon,
 So the furmest hevede y-don,
 ase the erst undertoc.

At evesong even neh,
 Ydel men ȝet he seh,
 lomen habbe an honde;
 To hem he sayde an heh.
 That suythe he wes undreh,
 so ydel forte stonde.
 So hit wes bistad.
 That nomon hem ne bad.
 huere lomes to fonde:
 Anon he was by-rad.
 To werk that he hem lad,
 for nyht nolde he nout wonde.

Huere hure a nyht hue nome,
 He that furst ant last come,
 a peny brod ant bryht;
 This other swore alle ant some,
 That er were come with lome,
 that so nes hit nout ryht;
 Ant swore somme unsaht,
 That hem wes werk by-taht,
 longe er hit were lyht;
 For ryht were that me raht,
 The mon that al day wraht,
 the more mede a nyht.

Thenne seith he y-wis,
 “Why, nath nout uch mon his?
 holdeth nou or pees;
 A-way, thou art unwis
 Tak al that thin ys.
 ant fare ase foreward wees.
 3ef y may betere beode,
 To mi latere leode,
 to leve nam y nout lees,
 To alle that ever hider eode,
 To do to day my neode,
 ichulle be wraththe-lees.”

This world me wurcheth wo,
 Roo-les ase the roo.
 y sike for un-sete;
 Ant mourne ase men doh mo,

For doute of foule fo,
 hou y my sunne may bete.
 This mon that Matheu 3ef
 A peny that wes so bref,
 this frely folk unfete ;
 3et he 3yrnden more,
 Ant saide he come wel 3ore,
 ant gonne is love for-lete.

XIII.

[Fol. 71, v^o.]

LENTEN ys come with love to toune,
 With blosmen ant with briddes rounne,
 that al this blisse bryngeth ;
 Dayes-eyes in this dales,
 Notes suete of nyhtegales,
 uch foul song singeth.
 The threstelcoe him threteth oo,
 A-way is huere wynter wo,
 when woderove springeth ;
 This foules singeth ferly fele,
 Ant wlyteth on huere wynter wele,
 that al the wode ryngeth.

The rose rayleth hire rode,
 The leues on the lyhte wode
 waxen al with wille ;

The mone mandeth hire bleo,
The lilie is lossom to seo,
 the fenyl ant the fille ;
Wowes this wilde drakes,
Miles murgeth huere makes,
 ase strem that striketh stille ;
Mody meneth, so doh mo,
Ichot ycham on of tho,
 for love that likes ille.

The mone mandeth hire lyht,
So doth the semly sonne bryht,
 when briddes singeth breme ;
Deowes donketh the dounes,
Deores with huere derne rounes,
 domes forte deme ;
Wormes woweth under cloude,
Wymmen waxeth wounder proude,
 so wel hit wol hem seme.
5ef me shal wonte wille of on,
This wunne weole y wole for-gon,
 ant wyht in wode be fleme.

XIV.

[Fol. 71, v^o.]

IN May hit murgeth when hit dawes,
In dounes with this ducres plawes,
 ant lef is lyht on lynde ;
Blosmes bredeth on the bowes,
Al this wylde wyhtes woves,
 so wel ych under-fynde.
Y not non so freoli flour,
Ase ladies that beth bryht in boure,
 with love who mihte hem bynde ;
So worly wymmen are by west ;
One of hem ich herie best,
 Fom Irlond in to Ynde.

Wymmen were the beste thing,
That shup oure heze hevene kyng,
 ȝef feole false nere ;
Heo beoth to rad upon huere red,
To love ther me hem lastes bed,
 when heo shule fenge fere ;
Lut in londe are to leve,
Thah me hem trewe trouthe ȝeve,
 for tricherie to ȝere ;
When trichour bath is trouthe y-plyht,
By-swyken he hath that suete wyht,
 thah he hire othes swere.

Wymmon, war the with the swyke,
That feir ant freoly ys to fyke,
ys fare is o to founde ;
So wyde in world ys huere won,
In uch a toune untrewē is on,
from Leycestre to Lounde.
Of treuthe nis the trichour noht,
Bote he habbe is wille y-wroht,
at stevenyng umbe stounde ;
Ah feyre levedis be on-war,
To late cometh the ȝeyn char,
when love on hath y-bounde.

Wymmen bueth so feyr on hewe,
Ne trowy none that nere trewe,
ȝef trichour hem ne tahte ;
Ah feyre thinges freoly bore,
When me on woweth, beth war bifore,
whuch is worldes ahte.
Al to late is send aȝeyn,
When the ledy liht by leyn,
ant lyveth by that he lahte ;
Ah wolde lylie leor in lyn
Y-here lovely lores myn,
with selthe we weren sahte.

XV.

[Fol. 72, r^o.]

HEȝE loverd, thou here my bone,
 That madest middel-ert ant mone,
 ant mon of murthes munne,
 Trusti kyng ant trewe in trone,
 That thou be with me salte sone,
 asoyle me of sunne.
 Fol ich wes in folies fayn,
 In luthere lastes y am layn,
 that maketh myn thryftes thunne;
 That semly sawes wes woned to-seyn,
 Nou is marred al my meyn,
 a-way is al my wunne.

Un-wunne haveth myn wonges wet,
 that maketh me routhes rede;
 Ne semy nout ther y am set,
 Ther me calleth me fulle flet,
 ant waynoun wayte glede.

Whil ich wes in wille wolde,
 In uch a bour among the bolde
 y holde with the heste;
 Nou y may no fynger folde,
 Lutel loved ant lasse y-tolde,
 y-leved with the leste.

A goute me hath y-greythied so,
Ant other eveles monye mo,
 y not whet bote is beste ;
Thar er wes wilde ase the ro,
Nou y swyke, y mei nout so,
 hit siweth me so faste.

Faste y wes on horse heh,
 ant werede worly wele ;
Nou is faren al my feh,
With screwe that ich hit ever seh,
 a staf is nou my stede.

When y se steden stythe in stalle,
Ant y go haltinde in the halle,
 myn huerte gymmeth to helde ;
That er wes wildest in with walle,
Nou is under fote y-falle,
 ant mey no fynger felde.
Ther ich wes luef, icham ful loht,
Ant alle myn godes me at-goht,
 myn gomenes waxeth gelde ;
That feyre founden me mete ant cloht,
Ihue wrieth a-wey as hue were wroht,
 such is evel ant elde.

Evel ant elde, ant other wo,
 foleweth me so faste,

Me thunketh myn herte breketh a tuo ;
 Suete God, whi shal hit swo ?
 hou mai hit lengore laste ?

Whil mi lif wes luther ant lees,
 Glotonie mi glemon wes,
 with me he wonede a while ;
 Prude wes my plowe fere,
 Lecherie my lavendere,
 with hem is gabbe ant gyle.
 Coveytise myn keyes bere,
 Nithe ant onde were mi fere,
 that bueth folkes fyle ;
 Lyare wes mi latymer,
 Sleuthe ant slep mi bedyner,
 that weneth me unbe-while.

Umbe-while y am to whene,
 when y shal murthes meten ;
 Monne mest y am to mene ;
 Lord, that hast me lyf to-lene,
 such lotes lef me leten !

Such lyf ich have lad fol sore,
 Merci, loverd ! y nul namore,
 bowen ichulle to bete ;
 Syker hit siweth me ful sore,
 Gabbes les ant luthere lore,
 sunnes bueth un-sete.

Godes heste ne huld y noht,
Bote ever aȝeyn is wille y wroht ;
 mon lereth me to lete :
Such serewe hath myn sides thurh-soht,
That al y weolewe a-way to noht,
 when y shal murthes mete.

To mete murthes ich wes wel fous,
 ant comely mon ta calle ;
Y sugge by other ase bi ous,
Also ys hirmon halt in hous,
 ase heved hount in halle.

Dredful deth, why wolt thou dare,
Bryng this body that is so bare,
 ant yn bale y-bounde ?
Careful mon, y-cast in care,
Y falewe as flour y-let forth-fare,
 ychabbe myn dethes wounde.
Murthes helpeth me no mōre ;
Help me, Lord, er then ich hore,
 ant stunt my lyf a stounde !
That ȝokkyn hath y-ȝyrned ȝore,
Non hit sereweth him ful sore,
 ant bringeth him to grounde.

To grounde hit haveth him y-broht :
 whet ys the beste bote ?

Bote heryen him that haht us boht,
 Ure Lord that al this world hath wroht,
 ant fallen him to fote.

Nou icham to dethe y-dyht,
 y-don is al my dede ;
 God us lene of ys lyht,
 That we of sontes habben syht
 ant hevene to mede ! AMEN.

XVI.

[Fol. 72, v^o.]

BLOW, northerne wynd,
 Sent thou me my suetyng.
 Blow, northerne wynd, blou, blou, blou !

Ichot a burde in boure bryht,
 That fully semly is on syht,
 Menskful maiden of myht,
 feir ant fre to fonde ;
 In al this wurhliche won,
 A burde of blod ant of bon
 Never ȝete y nuste non
 lussomore in londe. Blou, etc.

With lokkes leffiche ant longe,
 With frount ant face feir to fonde,

With murthes monie mote heo monge,
that brid so brene in boure ;
With lossom eye, grete ant gode,
With browen blysfol under hode,
He that reste him on the rode
that leflich lyf honoure ! Blou, etc.

Hire lure lumes liht,
Ase a launterne a nyht,
Hire bleo blykyeth so bryht,
so feyr heo is ant fyn ;
A suetly suyre heo hath to holde,
With armes, shuldre, ase mon wolde,
Ant fyngres feyre forte folde ;
God wolde hue were myn !

Middel heo hath menskful smal ;
Hire loveliche chere as cristal ;
Theȝes, legges, fet, ant al,
y-wraht wes of the beste.
A lussum ledy lasteles
That sweting is ant ever wes ;
A betere burde never nes
y-heryed with the beste.

Heo is dereworthe in day,
Graciouse, stout, ant gay,
Gentil, jolyf so the jay,
worhliche when heo waketh ;
Maiden murgest of mouth,

Bi est, bi west, by north ant south ;
Ther nis fiele ne crouth
that such murthes maketh.

Heo is coral of godnesse,
Heo is rubie of ryhtfulnesse,
Heo is cristal of clannesse,
ant baner of bealté ;
Heo is lilie of largesse,
Heo is parvenke of prouesse,
Heo is solsecle of suetnesse,
ant ledy of lealté.

To love that leflich is in londe,
Y tolde him as ych understonde,
Hou this hende hath hent in honde
on huerte that myn wes ;
Ant hire knyhtes me han so soht,
Sykyng, sorewyng, ant thoht,
Tho thre me han in bale broht,
aȝeyn the poer of pees.

To love y putte pleyntes mo,
Hou sykyng me hath siwed so,
Ant eke thoht me thrat to slo,
with maistry ȝef he myhte ;
Ant screwe sore in balful bende,
That he wolde for this hende
Me lede to my lyves ende,
unlahfulliche in lyhte.

Hire love me lustnede uch word,
 Ant beh him to me over bord,
 Ant bed me hente that hord,
 of myne huerte hele ;
 Ant bisecheth that swete ant swote,
 Er then thou falle ase fen of fote,
 That heo with the wolfe of bote
 dereworthliche dele.

For hire love y carke ant care,
 For hire love y droupne ant dare,
 For hire love my blisse is bare,
 ant al ich waxe won ;
 For hire love in slep y slake,
 For hire love al nyht ich wake,
 For hire love mournyng y make
 more then eny mon.

XVII.

[Fol. 75, r^o.]

MARIE, pur toun enfaunt,
 Qe est roi tot puissaunt,
 e tot le mounde guye,
 Nus seiez de la mort garaunt,
 Qe li maufé mescreaunt
 nus ne eit en baylie !

Ma douce dame, en vus me fy ;
Car ta docour me hardy
de aver en vus fiaunce ;
Pur ce, dame, vus cri merci,
Ne soffrez qe soi maubaily,
pur ta seinte puissaunce.

Par la joie e le doucour,
Que vus aviez icel jour
quant le angle dit, “ Marie,
Virgine seiez saantz nul retour,
Si come te envoit ton creatour,
mar serrez esbaye.”

Pur la joie, uncore vus pri,
Qe aviez quant il nasqui
e virgine remeytes ;
Vus noristes, je le vus dy,
Le fitz Dieu Jhesu, par qui
en joie vus en estes.

Uncore vus pri, pur cel confort
Qe aviez, quant il de mort
releva en vie,
E enfern brusa, com ly fort,
E remena à soun deport
sa douce compagnie.

Marie, mere Jhesu Crist,
Pur la joie que il vus fist,
quant il en ciel mounta.

E la char qe de vus prist,
A la destre son pere assist.
hautement la corona.

Pur la joie, mere Marie,
Qu'il vus fist en ceste vie,
file Joachyn ;
Ore estes en sa compagnie,
Des aungles haltement servye,
e serrez sauntz fyn.

Pur celes joies qe je vus chaunt,
De moi qe su repentant,
glorieuse mere,
Eyez merci, quar en mon vivant,
Serroi vostre lige serjaunt,
en ma povre manere.

Marie, mere Dée,
Pur la tue seinte pieté
e pur ta grant fraunchise,
Escu me seiez vers le malfé
Que par tey seye salvé,
e ma alme en ciel myse !

XVIII.

[Fol. 75, ro.]

SUETE Jhesu, king of blysse,
Myn huerte love, min huerte lisse.
Thou art suete myd y-wisse,
Wo is him that the shal misse !

Suete Jhesu, min huerte lyht,
Thou art day with-oute nyht,
Thou geve me streinthe ant eke myht,
Forte lovien the a-ryht.

Suete Jhesu, min huerte bote,
In myn huerte thou sete a rote
Of thi love, that is so swote,
Ant lene that hit springe mote.

Suete Jhesu, min huerte gleem,
Bryhtore then the sonne beem,
Y-bore thou were in Bedleheem,
Thou make me here thi suete dreem.

Suete Jhesu, thi love is suete,
Wo is him that the shall lete !
Tharefore me shulden ofte the grete,
With salte teres ant ege wepe.

Suete Jhesu, kyng of londe,
Thou make me fer understonde,

That min herte mote fonde,
Hou suete bueth thi love bonde.

Swete Jhesu, loverd myn,
My lyf, myn huerte, al is thin,
Undo myn herte ant liht ther-yn,
Ant wite me from fendes engyn.

Suete Jhesu, my soule fode,
Thin werkes bueth bo suete ant gode,
Thou bohtest me upon the rode,
For me thou sheddest thi blode.

Suete Jhesu, me reoweth sore,
Gultes that y ha wroght ȝore ;
Tharefore y bidde thin mylse ant ore,
Merci, lord, ynul na more !

Suete Jhesu, loverd God,
Thou me bohtest with thi blod,
Out of thin huerte orn the flod,
Thi moder hit seh that the by stod.

Suete Jhesu, bryht ant shene,
Y preye the thou here my bene,
Thourh ernding of the hevene queene,
That my bone be non sene.

Suete Jhesu, berne best,
With ich hope habbe rest,

Whether y be south other west,
The help of the be me nest!

Suete Jhesu, wel may him be,
That the may in blisse se!
After mi soule let aungles te,
For me ne gladieth gome ne gle.

Suete Jhesu, hevene kyng,
Feir ant best of alle thyng,
Thou bring me of this longyng,
Ant come to the at myn endyng.

Suete Jhesu, al folkes reed,
Graunte ous er we buen ded
The under-fonge in fourme of bred,
Ant seththe to heovene thou us led?

XIX.

[Fol. 75. v^o.]

JESU CRIST, heovene kyng,
3ef us alle god endyng,
that bone biddeth the;
At the biginnyng of mi song.
Jhesu, y the preye among,
in stude al wher y be;
For thou art kyng of alle,
To the y elepie ant calle,
thou have merci of me.

This ender day in o morewenyng,
With dreri herte ant gret mournyng,
 on mi folie y thohte ;
One that is so suete a thing,
That ber Jesse the hevene kyng,
 merci y besohthe ;
Jhesu, for thi muchele myht,
Thou graunte us alle hevene lyht,
 that us so duere bohtes ;
For thi merci, Jhesu snete,
Thin hondy werk nult thou lete,
 that thou wel 3erne sohdest.

Wel ichot, ant soth hit ys,
That in this world nys no blys,
 bote care, serewe, ant pyne ;
Tharefore ich rede we wurchen so,
That we mowe come to
 the joye withoute fyne !

XX.

[Fol. 75, v^o.]

WYNTER wakeneth al my care,
Nou this leves waxeth bare,
Ofte y sike ant mourne sare,
 When hit cometh in my thohit
Of this worldes joie, hou hit goth al to noht.

Now hit is, ant now hit nys,
Also hit ner nere y-wys,
That moni mon seith soth hit ys,
Al goth bote Godes wille,
Alle we shule deye, thath us like ylle.

Al that gren me graueth grene,
Nou hit faleweth al by-dene ;
Jhesu, help that hit be sene,
Ant shild us from helle,
For y not whider y shal, ne hou longe her duelle.

XXI.

[Fol. 76, r^o.]

When y se blosmes springe,
ant here soules song ;
A suete love-longynge
myn herte thourh out stong,
Al for a love newe,
That is so suete ant trewe,
that gladieth al my song ;
Ich wot al myd i-wisse
My joie ant eke my blisse
on him is al y-long.

When y mi selve stonde,
ant with myn eȝen seo,

Thurled fot ant honde
with grete nayles threo ;
Blody wes ys heved,
On him nes nout bileved
that wes of peynes freeo ;
Wel, wel ohte myn herte
For his love to swerte,
ant sike ant sory beo.

Jesu milde ant softe,
3ef me streynthe ant myht,
Longen sore ant ofte
to lovye the a-ryht,
Pyne to tholie ant dreȝe,
For the sone, Marye,
thou art so fre ant bryht,
Mayden ant moder mylde,
For love of thine childe,
ernde us hevene lyht.

Alas ! that y ne couthe turne
to him my thoht,
Ant cheosen him to lemmon,
so duere he us hath y-bolht,
With woundes deope ant stronge,
With peynes sore ant longe,
of love ne conne we noht ;
His blod that feol to grounde,
Of hise suete wounde,
of peyne us hath y-bolht.

Jesu milde ant suete,
 y synge the mi song,
 Ofte y the grete,
 ant preye the among,
 Let me sunnes lete,
 Ant in this lyve bete
 that ich have do wrong ;
 At oure lyves ende,
 When whe shule wende,
 Jesu us under fong ! AMEN.

XXII.

[Fol. 76, r^o.]

FERROY chaunsoun que bien doit estre oye,
 De ma amie chaunterai qe m'ad deguerpie.
 Bien le sai, e bien le voi,
 qe ele ne me ayme mye ;
 E ele ayme un autre plus de moi,
 E si ad perdu la foy
 que ele me out plevye.
 Je pri à Dieu e seint Thomas,
 Qe il la pardoigne le trespas !
 E je si verroient le fas,
 si ele merci me crye.

Il n'y a guere passé,
 Que je ne la amay sauntz fauceté,
 e tot sauntz trycherye.

Pur ce me tient ele fol,
 e tot pleyn de folye.
 En verité le vus dy,
 Si ma amie me ust garny,
 je usse pris amye.
 Je pri à Dieu, etc.

Certes uneore la ameray,
 quei que l'em me dye ;
 E par taunt asayerai
 si amour soit folie.
 Par cest chaunsoun portez salutz à ma tresdouce amye :
 Quar ne vueil autre message, quei que je me afye.
 Si ele die rien de moi,
 Que me ayme en bone foy,
 J'à aylours ne ameroi,
 taunt come su en vie.
 Je pri à Dieu, etc.

 XXIII.

[Fol. 76, ro.]

Dum ludis floribus velut lacinia,
 Le dieu d'amour moi tient en tiel *angustia*,
 Merour me tient de duel e de *miseria*,
 Si je ne la ay *quam amo super omnia*.

Ejus amor tantum me facit fervere ;
 Qe je ne soi *quid possum inde facere ;*
 Pur ly covent *hoc sæculum rclinquere.*
 Si je ne pus l'amour de li *perquirere.*

Ele est si bele e gente dame *egregia,*
 Cum ele fust *imperatoris filia,*
 De beal semblant *et pulera continencia,*
 Ele est la flur *in omni regis curia.*

Quant je la vey, je su *in tali gloria,*
 Come est la lune *cæli inter sidera ;*
 Dieu la moi doint *sua misericordia*
 Beyser e fere *quæ secuntur alia !*

Scripti hæc carmina in tabulis !
 Mon ostel est en mi la vile de Paris :
 May y sugge namore, so wel me is ;
 3ef hi de3e for love of hire, duel hit ys.

XXIV.

[Fol. 77, vº.]

MARIE, mere al Salveour,
 De totes femmes estes flour ;
 Vus estes pleyne de grant docour,
 Vus estes refu al pecheour.

Dame, vus estes virgine e mere,
Espouse à le haltisme piere ;
Vus estes pleyne de bounté,
Vus estes dame de pieté.

Toun fitz, dame, est vostre pere,
E vus file e sa mere,
Tresbele, tresnoble, e treschere,
A tous peccheours estes lumere.

De totes femmes estes la flour,
De pureté e de douz odour ;
Mestresse estes de lel amour,
Marie, mere al Salveour.

Digne ne sui de estre oye,
Pur mon desert e ma folie,
Mès par vus, qe estes douz e pie,
Espier je bien aver la vie.

Marie, pleyne de bounté,
Marie, pleyne de charité,
Douce est vostre amysté,
De moi cheitif eiez pieté.

Ton fitz, dame, me ad cher achaté,
E grant amour à moi mostré ;
Alas ! trop poi le ay pensée,
Qe molt ay ver ly meserré.

Quant je regard mes pecchiez,
 Bien quide certes estre dampnez ;
 Mès quant regard-je vos grant bountez,
 Grant espoir ay de salvetez.

Dame, pur nus devynt enfaunt
 Ly douz Jesu, roi puissaunt ;
 Pur vus, dame, nus ama taunt,
 Dame, seiez nostre garaunt.

E nus par vus averum la vie ;
 Quar vus li estes si chere amye,
 Qe nule rien à vus desdie ;
 Pensez de nus, douce Marie.

Ave, de totes la plus digne ;
 Ave, de totes la plus benigne ;
 Ave, de totes graces signe ;
 Pur moi priez que su indigne.

Mostrez, dame, qe tu es mere
 A toun fitz e à toun pere ;
 A ly portez ma priere,
 Qe je pus vere sa chere,
 Tresdouce dame debonere.

Dame, moi donez vostre enfaunt,
 Qe de vus si fust l'estaunt,
 Par vostre doucour fetez taunt,
 Autre chose ne vous demaunt.

XXV.

[Fol. 77, v^o.]

DULCIS JHESU MEMORIA.

JESU, suete is the love of the,
Nothing so suete may be ;
Al that may with eȝen se,
Haveth no suetnesse aȝeynes the.

Jhesu, nothing may be suettere,
Ne noht on eorthe blysfulere,
Noht may be feled lykerusere,
Then thou so suete alumere.

Jhesu, thi love wes ous so fre,
That we from hevene brohten the ;
For love thou deore bohtest me,
For love thou hong on rode tre.

Jhesu, for love thou tholedest wrong,
Woundes sore ant pine strong ;
Thine peynes rykene hit were long,
Ne may hem tellen spel ne song.

Jhesu, for love thou dreȝedest wo,
Blody stremes ronne the fro,
That thi bodi wes blak ant blo,
For oure sunnes hit wes so.

Jhesu, for love thou stehe on rode,
 For love thou seȝe thin heorte blode ;
 Love thou madest oure soule fode,
 Thi love us brohte to alle gode.

Jhesu, mi lemman, thou art so fre
 That thou deȝedest for love of me ;
 Whet shal y tharefore ȝelde the ?
 Thar nys noht bote hit love be.

Jhesu, my God, Jhesu, my kyng,
 Thou ne asked me non other thing,
 Bote trewe love ant eke servyng,
 Ant leve teres with suete mournyng.

Jhesu, my lyf, Jhesu, my lyht,
 Ich love the, ant that is ryht ;
 Do me love the with al mi myht,
 Ant for the mournen day ant nyht

Jhesu, do me so serven the,
 That ever mi thoht upon the be,
 With thine suete eȝen loke towart me,
 Ant myldeliche myne y preie al that thou se.

Jhesu, thi love be al mi thoht,
 Of other thing ne recche y noht ;
 Y ȝyrne to have thi wille y-wroht,
 For thou me havest wel deore y-boht.

Jhesu, thah ich sunful be,
Wel longe thou havest y-spared me,
The more oh ich to lovie the,
That thou me havest ben so fre,
Thy bac of thornes, thy nayles thre,
The sharpe spere that thourh-stong the.

Jesu, of love soth tocknynge,
Thin armes spreadeth to mankynde,
Thin heved down boweth to suete cussinge,
Thin side al openeth to love-longynge.

Jhesu, when ich thenke on the,
Ant loke upon the rode tre,
Thi suete body to-toren y se,
Hit maketh heorte to smerte me.

Jhesu, the quene that by the stod,
Of love teres he weop a flod ;
Thin woundes ant thin holy blod
Made hire huerte of dreori mod.

Jhesu, suete love the dude gredyn,
Love the made blod to sueten ;
For love thou were sore y-beten ;
Love the dude thi lyf to-leten.

Jhesu, fyf woundes ich fynde in the,
Thy love sprenges tacheth me,
Of blod ant water the stremes be,
Us to whosshe from oure fon thre.

Jhesu, my saule drah the to,
Min heorte opene ant wyde un-do ;
This hure of love to drynke so,
That fleysshliche lust be al for-do.

Jhesu Crist, do me love the so,
That wher y be ant what so y do,
Lyf ne deth, weole ne wo,
Ne do myn huerte the turne fro.

Marie, suete mayde fre,
For Jhesu Crist byseeche y the,
Thi suete sone do lovie me,
Ant make me worthi that y so be.

Jhesu, do me that for thi name
Me liketh to dreȝe pyne ant shame,
That is thy soule note ant frame,
Ant make myn herte milde ant tame.

Jhesu, al that is fayr to se,
Al that to fleyhs mai likyng be,
Al worldes blisse to leten, me
Graunte for the love of the.

Jhesu, in the be al my thoht,
Of other blisse ne recchy noht,
When ich of the mai felen oht.
Thenne is my soule wel y-wroht.

Jhesu, ȝef thou for-letest me,
What may mi lykyng of that y-se,
Mai no god blisse with me be,
Or that thou come aȝeyn to me.

Jesu, ȝef thou bist ȝeorne bysoht,
When thou comest ant elles noht,
No fleishliche lust ne wicked thoht
In to myn heorte ne be y-broht.

Jesu, mi soule is spoused to the,
Ofte ych habbe mis-don aȝeynes the,
Jhesu, thi merci is wel fre,
Jhesu, merci y erie to the.

Jhesu, with herte thi love y crave,¹
Hit bihoveth nede that ich hit have ;
The deu of grace upon me lave,
Ant from alle harmes thou me save.

Jesu, from me be al that thyng,
That me may be to mislikyng ;
Al that is nede thou me bryng ;
To have thi love is my ȝyrnyng.

Jhesu, mi lif of milde mod,
Mi soule hath gret neode of thi god,
Tak hire trenfole ant tholemod,
Ant ful hire of thi love blod

Jesu, my soule bidde y the,
Everemore wel us be ;
Jesu, al myhtful hevene kyng,
Thi love is a wel derne thing.

Jesu, wel mai myn herte se,
That milde ant meoke he mot be,
Alle unthewes ant lustes fle,
That felen wole the blisse of the.

Jesu, thah ich be unworthi
To love the, loverd almyhti,
Thi love me maketh to ben hardy,
Ant don me al in thin merci.

Jesu, thi mildenesse froreth me,
For no mon mai so sunful be,
ȝef he let sunne ant to the fle,
That ne fynd socour at the.

For sunful folk, suete Jesus,
Thou lihtest from the heȝe hous,
Pore ant loȝe thou were for ous.
Thin heorte love thou sendest ous.

Jesu, for-thi byseeche y the,
Thi suete love thou graunte me,
That ich thareto worthi be,
Make me worthi that art so fre.

Jesu, thou art so god a mon,
Thi love y ȝyrne also y con ;
Tharefore ne lette me nomon,
Thah ich for love be blac ant won.

Jesu, al suete, Jesu, al god,
Thi love drynketh myn heorte blod,
Thi love maketh me so swythe wod,
That y ne drede for no flod.

Jesu, thi love is suete ant strong
Mi lif is al on the y-long,
Tech me, Jhesu, thi love song,
With suete teres ever among.

Jesu, do me to serven the,
Wher in londe so y be ;
When ich the fynde, wel ys me,
ȝef thou ne woldest a-wey fle.

Jesu, ȝef thou from me go,
Mi soule is fol of serewe ant wo ;
Whet may I sugge, bote wolawo !
When mi lif is me at-go ?

Jesu, thin ore thou rewe of me ;
For whenne shal ich come to the ;
Jesu, thi lore biddeth me,
With al myn herte lovie the.

Jesu, mi lif, Jhesu, my kyng,
 My soule haveth to the ȝyrnyng ;
 When thi wille is, to the hire bryng,
 Thou art suetest of alle thyng.

Jesu, that deore bostest me,
 Make me worthi come to the,
 Alle mi sunnes for-ȝef thou me,
 That ich with blisse the mowe se.

Jesu, so feir, Jhesu, so briht,
 That I biseche with al my myht,
 Bring mi soule into the lyht,
 Ther is day withoute nyht.

Jesu, thin help at myn endyng,
 Ant ine that dredful out wendyng,
 Send mi soule god weryyng,
 That y ne drede non eovel thing.

Jesu, thi grace that is so fre
 In siker hope do thou me,
 At-scapen peyne ant come to the,
 To the blisse that ay shal be.

Jesu, Jesu, ful wel ben he
 That yne thi blisse mowen be,
 Ant fullliche hadde the love of the !
 Suete Jesu, thou graunte it me !

Jesu, thy love haveth non endyng,
 Ther nis no screwe ne no wepyng,
 Bote joie ant blisse ant lykyng ;
 Suete Jesu, hare-to us bryng ! AMEN.

 XXVI.

[Fol. 78, v^o].

Une petite parole, seigneurs, escotez,
 De ce que je vus eounterai ne me blamerez ;
 Mès moltz des biens apre[n]dre,
 Si vus volez entendre,
 Trestous vous poez.
 Adam fust premerement
 Le premer fet de tote gent,
 Après Dieu meismes fust fourmé,
 Come en Eserit nus est mostré ;
 E Eve de soun un costé,
 Come Dieu voleit, fust taillé,
 La quele primes fist peechié,
 Dount nus fumes touz dampné.
 Ce vist Jhesu le Salveour,
 De tot le mound creatour,
 Que en li fust nostre socour,
 Nostre eyde e nostre honour ;
 Homme devynt e enfaunt,
 E pur nus soffry peyne graunt ;

Molt nus fust verroi amaunt,
 Ne se feyna taunt ne quaunt,
 En la croiz si fu mounté,
 E soun cuer par mi percé.
 Alas ! qe tant serroit pené,
 Cil qe unque ne fist pecchié !
 Des espines fust coronée,
 E d'escourges flaelé,
 Fel à boyvre ly fust doné.
 Molt devoms aver grant pieté
 De sa benigne humilité ;
 Ne fust orgoil en ly trové,
 Que pout tendre à nul pecchié ;
 Pur ce vus pri remenbrez
 Quei il soffry pur nos pecchiez,
 E de ly sovent pensez,
 Quant vus estes rien temptez,
 De pecchié fere ou folie,
 De averice ou envie,
 De hayne ou de lecherie,
 De coveytise ou glotonie,
 Ou de orgoil ensement,
 Qe est racyne verroiemment
 De tous mals ou de tous pecchiez :
 Pur Dieu ! de ly vus Dieu gardez !
 Quar Lucifer par cel pecchié,
 Que fust de Dieu molt bien amé,
 E en ciel molt halt mounté,
 En enfern chiet tot parfound,
 Là'ou touz remeyndrount

Que en orguil sunt pris,
Yleque serrount il tot dis ;
E pur ce si vus seiez
En grant honour enhauncez,
E de grant saver aournez,
Ou de grant force on bealtez,
De ce ne vus enorguylliez,
Pensez de vus meismes salver,
E quant temps est à Dieu servyr,
Ne pas tous jours à gayner ;
Ne facez pas come les uns fount,
Que de Dieu rien ne pensount,
Mès tot ount doné lur cuer
Nuit e jour à lur gaigner,
Des queux il fet à merviler,
De Dieu ne pensent, ne de sa mort,
Mès si il puissent rien à tort
Gaygner par nulle faucine,
Ou par robberie ou par ravyne,
De averice sunt englywé,
Q'est un mortel pecchié,
Jamès ne quident assez aver ;
Mès come la terre lur dust failer ;
De quele gent fet à doter,
Si il ne se vueillent amender.
Pur ce vus pri-je bonement
Qe vus donez entendement,
E ce qe vus oiez counter,
Afforcez-vus de ce tener,
E après cel trestonz overyr.

Ne coveitez pas autrui bienz
A tort aver pur nulle rienz ;
Mès qe dount vivre assez eyez,
Lealmentz travilez ;
E si rien eiez à tort,
Purpensez-vus devant la mort
Yce rendre, si vus poez,
A ly de qui vus le avyez :
Si il seit mort qe vus quidez,
Pur sa alme le donez,
Issi qe en peril ne seiez,
Pur ce qe devant Jesu
De respoundre sumes tenu
De quanqe nus avoms rescu ;
Molt serra estroit acounte,
Molt en averunt il grant hounte
Que lors serrunt accusez,
E de lur pecchiez reprovez :
Touz nos faitz e touz nos ditz,
Que en pecchié nus ount mys,
Serrount en nos frountz escritz ;
Yl n'y avera nul pleder,
Jour de amour, ne acorder,
Ne nul qe purra acounter
Pur argent ne pur or gaygner.
Alas ! que froms nus yeel jour,
Quant Jesu vendra, le Salveour,
Trestot come il fust crucifié,
E come il fust des Gyws pené,
E come il fust al cuer naufré,

Piés e meyns par mi piercé ?
 Riant ne serra nul trové,
 Que ly averount regard ;
 Molt serra hidous quant jugera ;
 N'y avera nul qe noise fra ;
 Chescun serra rewerdoné
 Come il avera deservy gré.
 En grant joie les bons irrount,
 E là sauntz fyn remeindrount,
 Oû totes maneres de joies sunt.
 Pur ce vus vueil-je or garnyr,
 Que vus pensez à Dieu servir,
 E la joie graunde aver
 Que nulle lange puet counter.
 Yeel nus doit ly Salveour,
 De cel e terre empereour !
 Amen, amen, pur sa doucour !

 XXVII.

[Fol. 79, r^o.]

“ STOND wel, moder, under rode,
 By-holt thy sone with glade mode ;
 blythe, moder, myht thou be.”
 “ Sone, hou shulde y blithe stonde ?
 Y se thin fet, y se thin honde,
 nayled to the harde tre.”

“ Moder, do wey thy wepinge :

Y thole deth for mankynde,
for my gult thole y non.”

“ Sone, y fele the dede stounde,
The suert is at myn herte grounde,
that me byhet Symeon.”

“ Moder, merci, let me deye,
For Adam out of helle beye,
ant his kun that is for-lore.”

“ Sone, what shal me to rede ?
My peyne pyneth me to dede,
lat me deye the by-fore !”

“ Moder, thou rewe al of thi bern,
Thou wosshe a-wai the bloody tern,
hit doth me worse then my ded.”

“ Sone, hou may y teres werne ?
Y se the bloody stremeserne
from thin herte to my fet.”

“ Moder, nou y may the seye,
Betere is that ich one deye,
then al monkunde to helle go.”

“ Sone, y se thi bodi byswngen,
Fet ant honden thourh-out stongen,
no wonder thah me be wo.”

“ Moder, now y shal the telle,
3ef y ne deye, thou gost to helle,
y thole ded for thine sake.”

“ Sone, thou art so meke ant mynde,
Ne wyt me naht, hit is my kynde,
that y for the this sorewe make.”

“ Moder, nou thou miht wel leren,
Whet sorewe haveth that children beren,
whet sorewe hit is with childe gon.”
“ Sorewe y-wis, y con the telle;
Bote hit be the pyne of helle,
more sorewe wot y non.”

“ Moder, rew of moder kare,
For nou thou wost of moder fare,
thou thou be clene mayden mon.”
“ Sone, help at alle nede
Alle tho that to me grede,
maiden, wif, ant fol wymmon.”
“ Moder, may y no lengore duelle,
The time is come y shal to helle,
the thridde day y ryse upon.”
“ Sone, y wil with the founden,
Y deye y-wis for thine wounden,
so soreweful ded nes never non.”

When he ros, tho fel hire sorewe,
Hire blisse sprong the thridde morewe,
blythe moder were thou tho.
Levedy, for that ilke blisse,
Bysech thi sone of sunnes lisse,
thou be oure sheld aȝeyn oure fo.

Blessed be thou, ful of blysse,
 Let us never hevene misse,
 thourh thi suete sones myht !
 Loverd, for that ilke blod,
 That thou sheddest on the rod,
 thou bring us in to hevene lyht AMEN.

XXVIII.

[Fol. 79, vo.]

JESU, for thi muchele miht,
 thou ȝef us of thi grace,
 That we mowe dai ant nyht
 thenken o thi face.
 In myn herte hit doth me god,
 When y thenke on Jesu blod,
 that ran down bi ys syde,
 From his herte down to his fot,
 For ous he spradde is herte blod,
 his wondes were so wyde.

When y thenke on Jhesu ded,
 min herte over-werpes,
 Mi soule is won so is the led
 for my fole werkes.
 Ful wo is that ilke mon,
 That Jhesu ded ne thenkes on,
 what he soffrede so sore !

For my synnes y wil wete,
Ant alle y wyle hem for-lete
nou ant evermore.

Mon that is in joie ant blis,
ant lith in shame ant synne,
He is more then un-wis
that ther-of nul nout blynne.
Al this world hit geth a-way,
Me thynketh hit nezyth domesday,
nou man gos to grounde ;
Jhesu Crist that tholede ded,
He may oure soules to hevene led,
withinne a lutel stounde.

Thah thou have al thi wille,
thenk on Godes wondes,
For that we ne shulde spille,
he tholede harde stoundes ;
Al for mon he tholede ded,
yf he wyle leve on is red,
ant leve his folie,
We shule have joie ant blis,
More then we conne seien y-wys
in Jesu compaignie.

Jhesu, that wes milde ant fre,
wes with spere y-stonge ;
He was nailed to the tre,
with scourges y-swongen.

Al for mon he tholedde shame,
Withouten gult, withouten blame,
 bothe day ant other.
Mon, ful muchel he lovede the,
When he wolde make the fre,
 ant bicomme thi brother.

XXIX.

[Fol. 80, r^o.]

I SYKE when y singe,
 for sorewe that y se,
When y with wyppinge
 biholde upon the tre,
Ant se Jhesu the suete,
Is herte blod for-lete,
 for the love of me ;
Ys woundes waxen wete,
Thei wepen stille ant mete :
 Marie, reweth the.

Heȝe upon a doune,
 ther al folk hit se may,
A mile from uch toune,
 aboute the midday,
The rode is up arered,
His frendes aren afered
 ant clyngeth so the clay ;

The rode stond in stone,
Marie stont hire one,
 ant seith, wey-la-way !

When y the biholde
 with eyzen bryhte bo,
Ant thi bodi colde.
 thi ble waxeth blo,
Thou hengest al of blode,
So heze upon the rode,
 bituene theves tuo,
Who may syke more ?
Marie wepeth sore,
 ant siht al this wo.

The naylles beth to stronge,
 the smythes are to sleye,
Thou bledest al to longe,
 the tre is al to heyȝe ;
The stones beoth al wete,
Alas ! Jhesu the suete,
 for nou fren 'd hast' thou non,
Bote Seint Johan to-mournynde,
Ant Marie wepynde,
 for pyne that the ys on.

Ofte when y sike
 ant makie my mon,
Wel ille thah me like,
 wonder is hit non,

When y se honge heȝe,
 Ant bittre pynes dreȝe,
 Jhesu, my lemmon ;
 His wondes sore swerte,
 The spere al to is herte
 ant thourh is sydes gon.

Ofte when y syke,
 with care y am thourh-soht,
 When y wake y wyke,
 of serewe is al mi thoht ;
 Alas ! men beth wode,
 That suereth by the rode,
 ant selleth him for noht,
 That bohte us out of synne !
 He bring us to wyune,
 that hath us duere boht !

XXX.

[Fol. 80, v.]

Non skruketh rose ant lylic flour,
 That whilen ber that suete savour,
 in somer, that suete tyde ;
 Ne is no quene so stark ne stour,
 Ne no levedy so bryht in bour,
 that ded ne shal by-glyde.

Whose wol fleysh lust for-gon,
 ant hevene blis abyde,
On Jhesu be is thoht anon,
 that therled was ys side.

From Petresbourh in o morewenyng
As y me wende omy pley^yng,
 on mi folie y thohte,
Menen y gon my mournyng
To hire that ber the hevene kyng,
 of merci hire by-sohte :
Ledy, preye thi sone for ous,
 that us duere bohte,
Ant shild us from the lothe hous
 that to the fend is wrohte.

Myn herte of dedes wes for-dred,
Of synne that y have my fleish fed,
 ant folewed al my tyme ;
That y not whider I shal be led,
When y lygge on dethes bed,
 in joie ore in to pync.
On o ledy myn hope is,
 moder ant virgyne,
Whe shulen in to hevene blis
 thurh hire medicine.

Betere is hire medycyn,
Then eny^dmede or eny wyn ;
 hire erbes smulleth suete ;

From Catenas in to Dyvelyn,
Nis ther no leche so fyn,
 oure serewes to bete.
Mon that feleth eni sor,
 ant his folie wol lete,
Withoute gold other eny tresor
 he mai be sound ant sete.

Of penaunce is his plastre al,
Ant ever serven hire y shal,
 nou ant al my lyve ;
Nou is fre that er wes thral,
Al thourh that levedy gent ant smal,
 heried by hyr joies fyve.
Wher so eny sek ys,
 thider hye blyve ;
Thurh hire beoth y-broht to blis
 bo mayden ant wyve.

For he that dude is body on tre,
Of oure sunnes have pieté,
 that weldes heovene boures ;
Wymmon with thi jolyfté,
 thou thench on Godes shoures
Thah thou be whyt ant bryth on ble,
 falewen shule thy floures.
Jesu, have merci of us,
 that al this world honoures ! AMEN.

XXXI.

[Fol. 80, vo.]

“ My deth y love, my lyf ich hate, for a levedy shene,
Heo is brith so daies liht, that is on me wel sene ;
Al y falewe so doth the lef in somer when hit is grene,
ʒef mi thoht helpeth me noht, to wham shal y me mene,

Sorewe ant syke ant drery mod byndeth me so faste,
That y wene to walke wod, ʒef me lengore laste ;
My serewe, my care, al with a word, he myhte a-wey caste,
Whet helpeth the, my suete lemmon, my lyf thus forte
gaste ?”

“ Do wey, thou clere, thou art a fol, with the bydde y
noht chyde ;
Shalt thou never lyve that day, mi love that thou shalt
byde ;
ʒef thou in my boure art take, shame the may bi-tyde,
The is bettere on fote gon, then wycked hors to ryde.”

“ Wey-la-wei ! whi seist thou so ? thou rewe on me, thy
man ;
Thou art ever in my tholit, in londe wher ich am ;
ʒef y deʒe for thi love, hit is the mykel sham ;
Thou lete me lyve, ant be thy luef, ant thou my suete
lemman.”

“ Be stille, thou fol, y calle the ritht, cost thou never
blynne ;

Thou art wayted day ant nyht with fader ant al my kynne ;
Be thou in mi bour y-take, lete they for no synne,
Me to holde ant the to slon, the deth so thou maht
wynne.”

“ Suete ledy, thou wend thi mod, sorewe thou wolt me
kythe ;

Ich am al so sory mon, so ich was whylen blythe ;
In a wyndou ther we stod, we custe us fyfty sythe ;
Feir biheste maketh mony mon al is serewes mythe.”

“ Wey-la-vey ! whi seist thou so ? mi serewe thou
makest newe ;

Y lovede a clerk al par amours, of love he wes ful trewe,
He nes nout blythe never a day, bote he me sone seȝe,
Ich lovede him betere then my lyf, whet bote is hit to
leȝe ?”

“ Whil y wes a clerc in scole, wel muchel y couthe of
lore,

Ych have tholed for thy love woundes fele sore ;
Fer from [hom] ant eke from men under the wode gore ;
Suete ledy, thou rewe of me, nou may y no more.”

“ Thou semest wel to ben a clerc, for thou spekest so
stille ;

Shalt thou never for mi love woundes thole grylle ;
Fader, moder, ant al my kum, ne shal me holde so stille,
That y nam thyn ant thou art myn, to don al thi wille.”

XXXII.

[Fol. 80, vo.]

WHEN the nyhtegale singes, the wodes waxen grene,
 Lef ant gras ant blosme springes in Averyl, y wene,
 Ant love is to myn herte gon with one spere so kene,
 Nyht ant day my blod hit drynkes, myn herte deth me
 tene.

Ich have loved al this ȝer, that y may love namore,
 Ich have siked moni syk, lemmon, for thin ore;
 Me nis love never the ner, ant that me reweth sore.
 Suete lemmon, thench on me, ich have loved the ȝore.

Suete lemmon, y preye the of love one speche,
 Whil y lyve in world so wyde other nulle y seche;
 With thy love, my suete leof, mi blis thou mihtes eche,
 A suete cos of thy mouth mihte be my leche.

Suete lemmon, y preȝe the of a love bene;
 ȝef thou me lovest, ase men says, lemmon, as y wene,
 Ant ȝef hit thi wille be, thou loke that hit be sene,
 So muchel y thenke upon the, that al y waxe grené.

Bituene Lyncolne ant Lyndeseye, Norhamptoun ant
 Lounde,

Ne wot y non so fayr a may as y go fore y-bounde;
 Suete lemmon, y preȝe the thou lovie me a stounde,
 Y wole mone my song on wham that hit ys on y-long.

XXXIII.

[Fol. 81, r^o.]

BLESSED be thou, levedy, ful of heovene blisse,
Suede flur of parays, moder of mildenesse,
Preyȝe Jhesu thy sone, that he me rede ant wysse,
So my wey forte gon, that he me never misse.

Of the, suete levedy, my song y wile byginne,
Thy deore suete sones love thou lere me to wynne ;
Ofte y syke ant serewe among, may y never blynnue,
Levedi, for thi milde mod, thou shilde me from synne.

Myne thohtes, levedy, maketh me ful wan,
To the y crie ant calle, thou here me for thi man ;
Help me, hevene quene, for thyn ever ycham,
Wisse me to thi deore sone, the weies y ne can.

Levedy, seinte Marie, for thi milde mod,
Soffre never that y be so wilde ne so wod,
That ich her for-leose the that art so god,
That Jhesu me to-bohte with is to suete blod.

Bryhte ant shene, sterre cler, lyht thou me ant lere,
In this false fykel world my selve so to bere,
That y ner at myn endyng have the feond to fere ;
Jesu, mid thi suete blod thou bohtest me so dere.

Levedi, seinte Marie, so fair ant so briht,
 Al myn help is on the bi day ant by nyht,
 Levedi fre, thou shilde me so wel as thou myht,
 That y never for-leose heveriche lyht.

Levedy, seinte Marie, so fayr ant so hende,
 Preye Jhesu Crist thi sone, that he me grace sende,
 So to queme him ant the, er ich henne wende,
 That he me bringe to the blis that is withouten ende.

Ofte y crie merci, of mylse thou art welle,
 Alle buen false that bueth mad bothe of fleyshe ant felle;
 Levedi suete, thou us shild from the pine of helle,
 Bring us to the joie that no tonge hit may of telle.

Jhesu Crist, Godes sone, fader ant holy gost,
 Help us at oure nede, as thou hit al wel wost;
 Bring us to thin riche ther is joie most,
 Let us never hit misse for non worldes bost !

XXXIV.

[Fol. 81 vo.]

Ase y me rod this ender day,
 By grene wode to seche play,
 Mid herte y thohte al on a may,
 suetest of alle thinge;
 Kythe, ant ichou telle may
 al of that suete thinge.

This maiden is suete ant fre of blod,
Briht ant feyr, of milde mod,
Alle heo mai don us god,
 thurh hire bysechynges;
Of hire he tok fleysch ant blod,
 Jhesu hevene kynge.

With al mi lif y love that may,
He is mi solas nyht ant day,
My joie ant eke my beste play,
 ant eke my love-longynge;
Al the betere me is that day
 that ich of hire synge.

Of alle thinge y love hire mest,
My dayes blis, my nyhtes rest,
Heo counseileth ant helpeth best
 bothe elde ant ȝynge;
Now y may ȝef y wole
 the fif joyes mynge.

The furst joie of that wynman,
When Gabriel from hevene cam,
Ant seide God shulde bicomē man,
 ant of hire be bore,
Ant bringe up of helle pyn
 monkyn that wes for-lore.

That other joie of that may,
Wes o Cristesmasse day,
When God wes bore on thore lay,

ant brohte us lyhtnesse ;
Thestri wes seie byfore day,
this hirdes bereth wytnesse.

The thridde joie of that levedy,
That men clepeth the Epyphany,
When the kynges come wery,
to presente hyre sone
With myrrre, gold, ant encenz,
that wes mon bicomē.

The furthe joie we telle mawen,
On Ester morewe wen hit gon dawen,
Hyre sone that wes slawen,
aros in fleyshe ant bon ;
More joie ne mai me haven
wyf ne mayden non.

The fifte joie of that wymman,
When hire body to hevene cam,
The soule to the body nam,
ase hit wes woned to bene ;
Crist leve us alle with that wynman
that joie al forte sene.

Preye we alle to onre levedy,
Ant to the sontes that woneth hire by,
That heo of us haven merci,
ant that we ne misse
In this world to ben holy.
ant wyne hevene blysse ! AMEN.

XXXV.

[Fol. 83, ro.]

MAYDEN moder milde,
oiez cel oreysoun ;
 From shome thou me shilde,
e de ly malfeloun.
 For love of thine childe,
me menez de tresoun ;
 Ich wes wod ant wilde,
ore su en prisoun.

Thou art feyr ant fre,
e plein de doucour ;
 Of the sprong the ble,
ly sovereign creatour ;
 Mayde, byseche y the,
rostre sciut socour,
 Meoke ant mylde, be with me,
pur la sue amour.

Tho Judas Jesum founde,
donque ly beysa ;
 He wes bete ant bounde,
que nus tons fourma ;
 Wyde were is wounde,
qe le Gye ly dona ;
 He tholedde harde stounde,
mè poi le grera.

On stou ase thou stode,
 pucele, tot pensaunt,
Thou retest the under rode,
 ton fitz veites pendant ;
Thou seȝe is sides of blode,
 l'alme de ly partaunt ;
He ferede uch an fode,
 en mound que fust rivaunt.

Ys siden were sore,
 le sang de ly cora ;
That lond wes for-lore,
 mès il le rechata.
Uch bern that wes y-bore,
 en enfern descenda ;
He tholedede deth therfore,
 en ciel puis mounta.

Tho Pilat herde the tydynges,
 molt fu joyous baroun ;
He lette byfore him brynge
 Jesu Nazaroun.
He was y-crouned kynge,
 pur nostre redempcioun ;
Whose wol me synge,
 avera grant pardoun.

XXXVI.

[Fol. 106. ro.]

God, that al this myhtes may,
in hevene ant erthe thy wille ys oo,
Ichabbe be losed mony a day,
er ant late y be thy foo ;
Ich wes to wyte ant wiste my lay,
longe habbe holde me ther-fro ;
Vol of merci thou art ay,
al ungreythe icham to the to go.

To go to him that hath ous boht,
my gode deden bueth fol smalle
Of the werkes that ich ha wroht,
the beste is bittrore then the galle.
My god ich wiste, y nolde hit noht,
in folie me wes luef to falle ;
When y my self have thourli-solt,
y knowe me for the wrst of alle.

God, that degedest on the rod,
al this world to forthren ant fylle,
For ous thou sheddest thi suete blod,
that y ha don me lyketh ylle ;
Bote er azeyn the stith y stod,
er ant late, loude ant stille,
Of myne deden fynde y non god,
Lord, of me thou do thy wille.

In herte ne myhte y never bowe,
ne to my kunde loverd drawe ;
My meste vo ys my loves trowe,
Crist ne stod me never hawe ;
Ich holde me vilore then a Gyw,
ant y my self wolde bue knowe ;
Lord, merci rewe me now,
reyse up that ys falle lowe.

God, that al this world shal hede,
thy gode myht thou hast in wolde,
On erthe thou com for oure nede,
for ous sunful were boht ant solde ;
When we bueth dempned after ur dede,
a domesday when ryhtes bueth tolde,
When we shule suen thy wounde blede,
to speke thenne we bueth unbolde.

Unbold icham to bidde the bote,
swythe unrecken ys my rees ;
Thy wille ne welk y ner a fote,
to wickede werkes y me chees ;
Fals y wes in crop ant rote,
when y seyde thy lore was lees ;
Jesu Crist, thou be mi bote,
so boun icham to make my pees.

Al unrecken is my ro,
Loverd Crist, whet shal y say ?
Of myne deden fynde y non fro,
ne nothyng that y thenke may.

Unwrth icham to come the to,
y serve the nouthur nyht ne day ;
In thy merci y me do,
God, that al this myhtes may.

XXXVII.

[Fol. 106, re.]

LUSTNETH alle a lutel throwe,
ȝe that wolleth ou selve y-knowe,
unwys thah y be,
Ichulle telle ou ase y con,
Hou holy wryt speketh of mon,
herkneth nou to me.

The holy mon sayth in his bok,
That mon is worm ant wormes kok,
ant wormes he shal vede ;
When is lif is hym by-reved,
In is rug ant in his heved
he shal foule wormes brede.

The fleyhs shal rotie from the bon,
The senewes untuen everuchon,
the body shal to-fye ;
ȝe that wolleth that sothe y suen,
Under grases ther hne buen,
byholdeth wet ther lye.

Mon is mad of feble fom,
Ne hath he no syker hom,
to stunte alle wey stille ;
Ys ryhte stude is elles wer,
Jhesu, bring us alle ther,
ȝef hit be thy wille !

The fleysh stont aȝeyn the gost,
When thou shalt deȝe, ner thou nost
nouthur day ne nyht ;
On stede ne sitte thou ner so heȝe,
ȝet a-last thou shalt deȝe,
greyth the whil thou myht.

In false wonyng is monnes lyf,
When deth draweth is sharpe knyf,
do the sone to shryve ;
For ȝef thou const loke ariht,
Nast thou nothyng bote fyht,
whil thou art a-lyve.

Nou thou hast wrong, ant nou ryht ;
Nou thou art hevy, ant non lyht ;
thou lepest ase a roo ;
Nou thou art sekest, ant non holest ;
Nou thou art rychest, ant nou porest ;
nis this mueche woo ?

Thy fleysh ne swyketh nyht ne day,
Hit wol han eyse whil hit may,
ant the soule sayth, "nay ;

ȝef ich the buere to muche meth,
Thou wolt me bringe to helle deth,
ant wo that lesteth ay."

Thus hit geth bituene hem tuo,
That on saith, let, that other seyth, do,
ne conne hue nout lynne ;
Wel we mowe alle y-se,
The soule shulde maister be,
The pris forte wynne.

Ne be thou nout thi fleysh uncouth,
Loke wet cometh out of thy mouth,
ant elles wher wythoute ;
ȝef thou nymest wel god keep,
Ne fyndest thou non so fyl dung-heep,
ant thou loke aboute.

Nou thou hast in that foul hous,
A thyng that is ful precious,
ful duere hit ys aboht ;
Icholde the ful wilde ant wod,
ȝef thou lesest so muche god,
ant ȝevest hit for noht.

Mon, be war ant eke wis,
ȝef thou fallest, sone arys,
ne ly thou none stounde ;
With al thi nyhte thou do this,
Thy soule sit ant soth hit ys,
blysse ichave y-founde.

Mon, thou havest wicked fon,
The alre worst is that on,
 here nomes y shal telle ;
Thyn onne fleysh, thy worldes fend,
That best shulde be thy frend,
 that most doth the to quelle.

Thou clothest him in feir shroud,
Ant makest thy fomon fat ant proud,
 3ef y durste seyn ;
Thou dest thy selve muche wrong,
Thou makest him so fat ant strong,
 to fyhte the a3eyn.

Do my counsail ant my reed,
Withdrah hym ofte of is breed,
 ant 3ef him water drynke ;
Ne let hym nothing ydel go,
Bote pyne do hym ant wo,
 ant ofte let hym swynke.

Coveytise of mony thyng,
The world the bringeth in fleish lykyng,
 ant 3eveth the more ant more ;
Fals he is, ant feyr he semeth,
Arle best when he the quemeth,
 he byndeth the fol sore.

Thenne shal he go to noht,
Nast thou nothing hyder y-broht,
 ne nout shalt buere wyth the ;

Thou shalt alone go thy wey,
 Withoute stede ant palefrey,
 withoute gold ant fee.

Lucifer, that foule wyht,
 That wes him selve so feyr ant bryht,
 thurh prude fel to helle ;
 With foule wille ant foul thoht,
 He fondeth bringe the to noht,
 ant the forte quelle.

Thench that he the nes nout god,
 He wolde have thyn huerte blod,
 war the for his hokes ;
 Do nou ase ichave the seyð,
 Ant alle thre shule ben aleyð,
 with huere foule crokes.

ȝef thou seist my spel ys hard,
 That thou ne mist this foreward
 holde ne dreȝe ;
 A lutel thyng y aske the,
 Sey me soth par charité,
 Ther-of that thou ne lye.

Wher beth hue by-foren us were,
 Lordes, ledyes, that havekes bere,
 haden feld ant wode ;
 The ryche ledies in huere bour,
 That wereden gold on huere tressour,
 with huere bryhte rode ?

Hue eten ant dronken ant maden huem glad,
Huere lyf al with joie y-lad,
 me knelede huem by-fore ;
Hue beren huem so swythe heȝe,
Ant in a twynglyng of an eȝe
 so hue buen for-lore.

Wher bueth hue thy wedes longe ?
This muchele murthe, joie, ant songe,
 this havekes ant this houndes ?
Al that weole is wend a-way,
Ant al is turnd to wey-la-wey !
 to monye harde stoundes.

Huere parais hue maden here,
Ant nou hue liggeth in helle y-fere,
 that fur huem berneth ever ;
Stronge y pyne ant stronge in wo,
Longe is ay, ant longe ys o,
 out ne cometh hue never.

ȝef the feond, the foule thyng,
Thourh wycked werk, other eggyng,
 a-doun hath the y-cast ;
Up ant be god champioun,
Stond, ant fal no more adoun
 for a lutel blast.

Tae the rode to thy staf,
Ant thenk on him that for the ȝaf
 his lyf, that wes so luef ;
He hit ȝef, thou thonke hym ;
Aȝeyn thy fo such staf thou nym,
 ant wreck the on that thuef.

XXXVIII.

[Fol. 112, r^o.]

Femmes à la pye
 Portent compaignye
 en maners e en mours ;
 Escotez que vus dye,
 E quele assocye
 yl tienent en amours.
 La pie de costume
 Porte penne e plume
 de divers colours ;
 E femme se delite
 En estraunge habite,
 de divers atours.

La pie ad longe cove
 Que pend en la bowe,
 pur la pesauncie ;
 E femme fet la sowe
 Plus long que nule cove
 de poun ou de pye.

La pie est jangleresse,
 E reelement cesse
 de mostrer où ele est ;
 E la femme pur son us,
 D'assez jangle plus ;
 issi nature crest.

Par jangle de la pie
Um vient à troverye,
 de gopyl e de chat;
Femme par parole
Meynt homme afole,
 e ly rend tot mat.

Vus troverez la pye
Si pleyn de boydie,
 que ele se garde bien;
Mès la femme pase
La pie en cele grace,
 quar ele ne doute rien.

La pie en arbre haut
En freit e en chant,
 prent soun repos;
E femme velt reposer
En hautesse de cuer,
 e de syre los.

La pie quant ele greve,
Countre son mary leve,
 e l'enclace de ly;
E femme de grant cuer,
Son baroun par tencer
 fèt autresy.
Pur iccle gyse,
Je lou que um se avyse,
 avaunt qu'il soit mary.

E nequedent la pye
Soun compaignoun espye,

de quel part s'en va;
 E la femme auxi
 Espie son mary,
 par gelosie que ele a.

La pie par yre
 Les gardyns empire,
 par braunche debruser ;
 E en femme corocée
 Rien serra celée,
 quant ele se puet venger.

Hom dit que la pie
 En sa nature crye,
 il nus vieignent gestes ;
 E la femme puet dire
 A soun mary, " syre,
 par moi averez blestes."

La pie siet musser,
 Quanqe ele puet gayner,
 en un privé lu ;
 E la femme se purveit,
 Avant qe ele vidue seit,
 dount ert sustenu.

Bie[n] dust la pie,
 Queiqe um en die,
 à femme estre chere ;
 Puis qe lur vie
 Par tiele compagnie
 acordent en manere.

XXXIX.

[Fol. 114, vo.]

Mon in the mone stond ant strit,
on is bot forke is burthen he bereth ;
Hit is mucche wonder that he nadoun slyt,
for doute leste he valle he shoddreth ant shereth.
When the forst freseth, mucche chele he byd ;
the thornes beth kene, is hattren to-tereth ;
Nis no wyttht in the world that wot wen he syt,
ne, bote hit buce the hegge, whet wedes he wereth.

Whider trowe this mon ha the wey take,
he hath set his o fot is other to-foren ;
For non hithte that he hath ne syttht me hym ner shake,
he is the sloweste mon that ever wes y-boren ;
Wher he were othe feld pycchynde stake,
for hope of ys thornes to dutten is doren,
He mot myd is twy-byt other trous make,
other al is dayes werk ther were y-loren.

This ilke mon upon heh when er he were,
wher he were ythe mone boren ant y-fed,
He leneth on is forke ase a grey frere,
this crokede caynard sore he is a-dred ;
Hit is mony day go that he was here,
ichot of is ernde he nath nout y-sped.
He hath hewe sum wher a burthen of brere,
tharefore sum hay-ward hath taken ys wed.

ȝef thy wed ys y-take, bring hom the trous,
 sete forth thyn other fot, stryd over sty ;
 We shule preye the hay-wart hom to ur hous,
 ant maken hym at heyse for the maystry ;
 Drynke to hym deorly of fol god bous,
 ant oure dame douse shal sitten hym by,
 When that he is dronke ase a dreynt mous,
 thenne we shule borewe the wed ate bayly.

This mon hereth me nout, thah ich to hym crye ;
 ichot the cherl is def, the Del hym to-drawe !
 Thah ich ȝeȝe upon heth nulle nout hye.
 the lostlase ladde con nout o lawe.
 Hupe forth, Hubert, hosede pye,
 ichot thart a-marstled in to the mawe.
 Thah me teone with hym that myn teh mye,
 the cherld nul nout a-doun er the day dawe.

 XL.

[Fol. 128, ro.]

LUTEL wot hit anymon,
 how love hym haveth y-bounde,
 That for us othe rode ron,
 ant bohte us with is wounde.
 The love of him us haveth y-maked sounde,
 Ant y-cast the grimly gost to grounde ;
 Ever ant oo, nyht ant day, he haveth us in is thohte,
 He nul nout leose that he so deore bohte.

He bohte us with is holy blod,
 what shulde he don us more ?
He is so meoke, milde, ant good,
 he nagulte nout ther-fore ;
That we han y-don, y rede we reowen sore,
Ant erien ever to Jhesu, Crist, thyn ore.
Ever ant oo, nilt ant day, etc.

He seh his fader so wonder wroht,
 with mon that wes y-falle,
With herte sor he seide is oht
 whe shulde abuggen alle ; -
His suete sone to hym gon clepe ant calle,
Ant preiede he moste deye for us alle.
Ever ant oo, etc.

He brohte us alle from the deth,
 ant dude us frendes dede ;
Suete Jhesu of Nazareth,
 thou do us hevene mede ;
Upon the rode, why nulle we taken hede,
His grene wounde so grimly conne blede.
Ever ant oo, etc.

His deope wounden bledeth fast,
 of hem we ohte munne ;
He hath ous out of helle y-cast,
 y-broht us out of sunne ;
For love of us his wonges waxeth thuune,
His herte blod he ȝef for al monkunne.
Ever ant oo, etc.

XLII.

[Fol. 128, ro.]

LUTEL wot hit anymon,
 hou derne love may stonde ;
Bote hit were a fre wymmon,
 that mucche of love had fonde.
The love of hire ne lesteth no wyht longe,
Heo haveth me plyht, ant wyteth me wyth wronge.
Ever ant oo, for my leof icham in grete thohte,
Y thenche on hire that y ne seo nout ofte.

Y wolde nemne hyre to day,
 ant y dorste hire munne ;
Heo is that feireste may,
 of uch ende of hire kunne ;
Bote heo me love, of me heo haves sunne,
Who is him that loveth the love that he ne may ner
 y-wynne.
Ever ant oo, etc.

A-down y fel to hire anon,
 ant erie, ledy, thyn ore !
Ledy, ha mercy of thy mon !
 lef thou no false lore.
5ef thou dost, hit wol me reowe sore,
Love dreccheth me that y ne may lyve namore.
Ever ant oo, etc.

Mury hit ys in hyre tour,
 wyth hatheles ant wyth heowes;
So hit is in hyre bour,
 with gomenes ant with gleowes;
Bote heo me lovyē, sore hit wol me rewe!
Wo is him that loveth the love that ner nūl be trewe!
Ever ant oo, etc.

Fayrest fode upo loft,
 my gode luef, y the greete,
Ase fele sythe ant oft
 as dewes dropes beth weete;
As sterres beth in welkne, ant grases sour ant suete;
Whose loveth untrewe, his herte is selde seete.
Ever ant oo, etc.

FINIS.



Specimens
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EDWARD THE FIRST.

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